THE POETICAL WORKS OF S. JOHNSON, LL. D.

WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

Tranſcendant genius, whoſe prolific vein
Ne'er knew the frigid poet's toil and pain,
To whom Apollo opens all his ſtore,
And ev'ry Muſe preſents her ſacred lore;
Say, powerful JOHNSON, whence thy verſe is fraught
With ſo much grace, ſuch energy of thought;
Whether thy *Juvenal* inſtructs the age
In chaſter numbers, and new-points his rage;
Or fair *Irene* ſees, alas, too late,
Her innocence exchang'd for guilty ſtate:
Whate'er you write, in every golden line
Sublimity and elegance combine;
Thy nervous phraſe impreſſes every ſoul,
While harmony gives rapture to the whole.

Mr. Murphy's Poetical Epiſtle to Johnſon.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

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Great-Britain and
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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

CONTAINING HIS

LONDON: A SATIRE.	PROLOGUES.
VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.	MISCELLANIES.
ODES,	EPITAPHS.

&c. &c. &c.

Nor was his energy confin'd alone
To friends around his philoſophic throne;
His influence wide improv'd our letter'd iſle,
And lucid vigour mark'd the general ſtyle:
As Nile's proud waves, ſwoln from their oozy bed,
Firſt o'er the neighb'ring mead majeſtic ſpread;
Till, gath'ring force, they more and more expand,
And with due virtue fertilize the land.

Mr. Courtenay's Poetical Review.

London:
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOK.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

LIFE OF
DR. JOHNSON, L. L. D.

THERE is not perhaps in the whole annals of literature, a life which has afforded more events for the detail of the biographer, than that of the very extraordinary character, which is the ſubject of the following memoirs. As it is natural that the merits and demerits, perſonal and literary, of a man ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed in the departments of biography and criticiſm as Johnſon, ſhould attract the notice and call forth the exertions of numerous writers; it is not to be accounted ſingular, that beſides ſeveral ſlight ſketches of his life taken by unknown authors, both favorable and copious narratives ſhould have been preſented to the world by Sir John Hawkins, Mr. Boſwell, Mr. Tyers, Mrs. Piozzi, Dr. Towers, and Mr. Arthur Murphy; who from their intimate acquaintance with him, were enabled to write from perſonal knowledge. Theſe ſeveral writers, by repreſenting his character in different lights, contraſting his virtues with his faults, and diſplaying in a variety of anecdotes and incidents, the ſtrength of his mind and the poignancy of his wit, have greatly contributed to the inſtruction and entertainment of thoſe who are particularly inclined to the reading of biography. Amongſt the number ſpecified, the publications of Sir John Hawkins and Mr. Boſwell being more elaborately compoſed, claim a pre-eminence over the reſt, and entitle their authors to the appellation of his biographers; while the accounts of the others being compreſſed by abridgment, are more properly denominated 'Biographical Sketches.' 'Anecdote,' and 'Eſſays'—The major part of the facts related in the preſent account, have therefore of courſe been taken from the narratives of the before mentioned biographers, with the additions of ſuch particulars, as other narratives have been found to ſupply.

Samuel Johnſon was the eldeſt ſon of Michael Johnſon, a bookſeller at Litchfield, in which city this great man was born, on the 7th of September 1709. His mother, Sarah Ford, was the ſiſter of Dr. Joſeph Ford, an eminent phyſician and father of Cornelius Ford, chaplain to Lord

Cheſterfield, ſuppoſed to be the parſon in Hogarth's 'Modern Midnight Converſation'—a man of great parts, but profligate manners.—Mrs. Ford was a woman of diſtinguiſhed underſtanding, prudence and piety.

As ſomething extraordinary is often related of the infant ſtate of a great genius, we are told by Mrs. Piozzi and Sir John Hawkins, that at the age of three years Johnſon trod by accident upon one of a brood of eleven ducks, and killed it, and upon that occaſion made the following verſes.

Here lies good maſter duck,
Whom Samuel Johnſon trod on.
If it had liv'd, it had been *good luck*,
For then we'd had an *odd one*.

But very extraordinary muſt be that credulity, that can admit of theſe verſes being the production of a child of ſuch an early age; credulity however is relieved from the burthen of doubt by Johnſon's having himſelf aſſured Mr. Boſwell, that they were made by his father who wiſhed them to paſs for his ſon's. He added, 'my father was a fooliſh old man, that is to ſay, fooliſh in talking of his children.'

Johnſon was initiated in claſſical learning at the free ſchool of his native city, under the tuition of Mr. Hunter, and having afterwards reſided ſome time at the houſe of his couſin Cornelius Ford, who aſſiſted him in the claſſics, he was by his advice at the age of fifteen removed to the ſchool of Stourbridge in Worceſterſhire, of which Mr. Wentworth was then maſter, whom he has deſcribed as 'a very able man, but an idle man; and to him unreaſonably ſevere.'—Parſon Ford he has deſcribed in his life of Tonten, as 'a clergyman at that time too well known, whoſe abilities, inſtead of furniſhing convivial merriment to the voluptuous and the diſſolute, might have enabled him to excel among the virtuous and the wiſe.'

On the 31ſt of October 1728, he was entered a commoner of Pembroke College, Oxford, being then in his nineteenth year. Of his tutor Mr. Jourden, he gave the following account. 'He was a very worthy man, but a heavy man, and I did not profit much by his inſtruction; indeed I did not attend him much." He had however, a love and reſpect for Jourden, not for his literature, but for

for his worth. 'Whenever,' ſaid he, 'a young man becomes Jourden's pupil, he becomes his ſon.'

In the year 1730, Mr. Corbet a young gentleman whom Johnſon had accompanied to Oxford as a companion, left the Univerſity, and his father, to whom according to the account of Sir John Hawkins, Johnſon truſted for ſupport, declined contributing any farther to that purpoſe; and as his father's buſineſs was by no means lucrative, his remittances were conſequently too ſmall to ſupply even the decencies of external appearance. Thus unfortunately ſituated, he was under the neceſſity of quitting the Univerſity without a degree, having been a member of it little more than three years. This was a circumſtance which in the ſubſequent part of his life he had occaſion to regret, as an obſtacle to his obtaining a ſettlement, whence he might have derived that ſubſiſtence which he could not procure by any other means.

In December 1731, his father died, in the 79th year of his age, in very narrow circumſtances, ſo that for preſent ſupport, he condeſcended to accept the employment of uſher, in the free grammar-ſchool at Market Boſworth in Leiceſterſhire, which he relinquiſhed in a ſhort time, and went to reſide at Birmingham, where he derived conſiderable benefit from ſeveral of his literary productions.

Notwithſtanding the apparent auſterity of his temper, he was by no means inſenſible to the power of female charms; when at Stourbridge ſchool he was much enamoured of Olivia Lloyd, a young quaker, to whom he addreſſed a copy of verſes. In 1735 he became the warm admirer of Mrs. Porter, widow of Mr. Henry Porter, mercer in Birmingham. 'It was,' he ſaid, 'a love match on both ſides,' and judging from a deſcription of their perſons, we muſt ſuppoſe that the paſſion was not inſpired by the beauties of form or graces of manner; but by a mutual admiration of each others minds. Johnſon's appearance is deſcribed as very forbidding. 'He was then lean and lank, ſo that his immenſe ſtructure of bones was hideouſly ſtriking to the eye, and the ſcars of the ſcrophula were deeply viſible. He alſo wore his hair which was ſtraight and ſtiff, and ſeparated behind; and he had ſeemingly convulſive ſtarts and odd geſticulations, which tended at once to excite ſurpriſe and ridicule.' Mrs. Porter was double the age of Johnſon, and her perſon and manner as

deſcribed by Garrick were by no means pleaſing to others. 'She was,' he ſays, 'very fat, with a boſom of more than ordinary protuberance. Her ſwelled cheeks were of a florid red, produced by thick painting, and increaſed by the liberal uſe of cordials; ſhe was flaring and fantaſtic in her dreſs, and affected both in her ſpeech and her general behaviour.' It was beyond a doubt, however, that whatever her real charms might have been, in the eye of her huſband ſhe was extremely beautiful, for in her epitaph he has recorded her as ſuch, and given many inſtances in his writings of a ſincere and permanent affection.

With the property he acquired with his wife, which is ſuppoſed to have amounted to about 800l. he attempted to eſtabliſh a boarding ſchool for young gentlemen at Edial, near Litchfield; but the plan proved abortive, the only pupils put under his care, were Garrick, the celebrated Engliſh Roſcius, his brother George, and a Mr. Offely a young gentleman of good fortune, who died early.* Diſappointed in his expectation of deriving a ſubſiſtence from the eſtabliſhment of a boarding ſchool, he ſet out on the 2d of March, 1737, being then in the 28th year of his age, for London; and it is a memorable circumſtance, that his pupil Garrick went there at the ſame time, with an intention to complete his education, and follow the profeſſion of the law. They were recommended to Mr. Colſon, maſter of the mathematical ſchool at Rocheſter, by a letter from a friend, who mentions the joint expedition of theſe two eminent men to the metropolis in the following manner.

'This young gentleman and another neighbour of mine, one Mr. Samuel Johnſon, ſet out this morning together for London. Davy Garrick is to be with you early next week, and Mr. Johnſon to try his fate with a tragedy, and endeavour to get himſelf employed in ſome tranſlation, either from the Latin or the French. Johnſon is a very good ſcholar, and I have great hopes he will turn out a fine tragedy writer.' In London he found it neceſſary to practiſe the moſt rigid œconomy, and his *Oſellus* in the *Art of Living in London*, is the real character of an Iriſh painter,

* About this time he was aſſiduouſly engaged in his tragedy called Irene, with which his friends were ſo well pleaſed that they adviſed him to proceed with it. It is founded upon a paſſage in Smollet's Hiſtory of the Turks, a book which he afterwards highly praiſed and recommended in the Rambler.

who

who initiated him in the mode of living cheaply in London. Here he experienced the kindneſs and hoſpitality of Mr. Hervey, one of the branches of the Briſtol family; and ever after retained a grateful ſenſe of the ſervices he rendered him. Not very long before his death, he thus deſcribed this early friend, 'Harry Hervey, he was a vicious man, but very kind to me. If you call a dog *Hervey* I ſhall love him.'

In three months after he came to London, his tragedy being as he thought completely finiſhed, and fit for the ſtage, he ſolicited Mr. Fleetwood, the manager of Drury Lane Theatre to bring it out at his houſe; but Mr. Fleetwood declined receiving it. Soon after he was employed by Mr. Cave, as a co-adjutor in his magazine, which for ſome years was his principal reſource for ſupport. His firſt performance in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' was a Latin Ode, *Ad Urbanum*, in March 1738; a tranſlation of which by an unknown correſpondent appeared in the Magazine for May following.

At this period the miſconduct and misfortunes of Savage had reduced him to the loweſt ſtate of wretchedneſs, as a writer for bread; and his viſits at St. John's Gate, where the 'Gentleman's Magazine' was originally printed, naturally brought Johnſon and him together, and as they both poſſeſſed great abilities, and were equally under the preſſure of want, they had naturally a fellow feeling; ſo that in a ſhort time the ſtricteſt intimacy ſubſiſted between them. Johnſon mentioned to Sir Joſhua Reynolds ſome of their whimſical adventures in an early life, and in his writings deſcribes Savage as having a 'graceful and manly deportment, a ſolemn dignity of mien, but which upon a nearer acquaintance ſoftened into an engaging eaſineſs of manners.' How much he admired his friend Savage, for that knowledge of letters which he himſelf ſo much cultivated, and what kindneſs he entertained for him is evident, from ſome verſes he wrote for the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' for April 1738.

About the ſame time he became acquainted with Miſs Elizabeth Carter, the learned tranſlater of *Epictetus*, to whom he ſhewed particular tokens of reſpect, and in the ſame magazine complimented her in an Ænigma to Eliza, both in Greek and Latin. He writes Mr. Cave, 'I think ſhe ought to be celebrated in as many different languages as Lewis Le Grand.'

In May 1738, he publiſhed his *London, a Poem*, written in imitation of the third ſatire of Juvenal. It has been generally ſaid that he offered it to ſeveral bookſellers, none of whom would purchaſe it. Mr. Cave at length communicated it to Dodſley, who had judgment enough to diſcern its intrinſic merit, and thought it creditable to be concerned in it. Dodſley gave him ten pounds for the copy. It is remarkable that it came out on the ſame morning with Pope's Satire, entitled 'One Thouſand Seven Hundred and Thirty Eight.' Pope was ſo ſtruck with its merit, that he ſought to diſcover the author, and propheſied his future fame, and from his note to Lord Gower, it ſeems that he was ſucceſsful in his enquiries. From a ſhort extract in the Gentleman's Magazine for May, it appears that the poem got to the ſecond edition in the ſpace of a week. Indeed this admirable production laid the foundation of Johnſon's fame.

In the courſe of his engagement with Cave, he compoſed the *Debates in the Senate of Magna Lilliputia*, the firſt number of which appeared in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for June 1738, ſometimes with feigned names of the ſeveral ſpeakers, with denominations formed of the letters of their real names, ſo that they might be eaſily decyphered. Parliament then kept the preſs in a kind of myſterious awe, which rendered it neceſſary to have recourſe to ſuch devices. The debates for ſome time were taken and digeſted by Guthrie, and afterwards ſent by Mr. Cave to Johnſon for reviſion: when Guthrie afterwards was engaged in a diverſity of employment, and the ſpeeches were more enriched by the acceſſion of Johnſon's genius; it was reſolved that he ſhould do the whole himſelf from notes furniſhed by perſons employed to attend in both houſes of parliament. His ſole compoſition of them began November 19, 1740, and ended February 23d, 1742-3. From that time they were written by Hawkeſworth to the year 1760.

He derived however, ſo little emolument from his literary productions, that notwithſtanding the ſucceſs of his *London*, he was willing to accept of an offer made him of becoming maſter of a free ſchool, at a ſalary of ſixty pounds a year; but as the ſtatutes of the ſchool required that he ſhould be a Maſter of Arts, he was under the neceſſity of declining it. It is ſaid of Pope to his honour, that without any knowledge of Johnſon but from his *London*, he recommended

mended him to Lord Gower, who by a letter to a friend of Swift endeavoured to procure him a degree from Trinity College Dublin; but the expedient failed, and it is ſuppoſed that Swift declined to interfere in the buſineſs; to which circumſtance Johnſon's known diſlike to Swift has been often imputed.

Thus diſappointed, he was under the neceſſity of perſevering in that courſe into which he was forced, and therefore reſumed his deſign of tranſlating Father Paul's *Hiſtory of the Council of Trent* in two volumes quarto, which were announced in the 'Weekly Miſcellany, Oct. 21ſt, 1738. Though twelve ſheets of this tranſlation were printed off, Johnſon was unfortunately fruſtrated in his deſign; for it happened that another Samuel Johnſon, librarian of St. Martin in the Fields, and curate of that pariſh, had engaged in the ſame undertaking, under the patronage of the learned Dr. Pearce, the conſequence of which was an oppoſition, that deſtroyed the productive effects of both the works.

In the ſame year he took part in the oppoſition to the adminiſtration of Sir Robert Walpole, and publiſhed a pamphlet entitled, *Marmor Norfolcienſe* by *Probus Britannicus*, in which he inveighed againſt the Brunſwick ſucceſſion and the meaſures of government conſequent upon it, with the moſt intemperate zeal, and pointed ſarcaſm. Sir John Hawkins ſays, that the jacobite principles inculcated in this pamphlet arouſed the vigilance of the miniſtry, and that a warrant was iſſued and meſſengers employed to apprehend the author, who it ſeems was known; but that he eluded their ſearch, by retiring to an obſcure lodging in Lambeth Marſh. Mr. Boſwell denies the authenticity of this ſtory, alledging that Mr. Steele, one of the ſecretaries of the treaſury, had directed every poſſible ſearch to be made in the records of the treaſury, and ſecretary of ſtate's office; but could find no trace of any warrant having been iſſued to apprehend the author of this pamphlet.

This jacobitical production obtained the ſanction of the Tory party in general, and of Pope in particular, as appears from the following note concerning Johnſon, copied with minute exactneſs by Mr. Boſwell from the original, in the poſſeſſion of Dr. Percy.

'This [*London*] is imitated by one Johnſon, who put up for a public ſchool in Shropſhire, but was diſappointed.

He

He has an infirmity of the convulsive kind, that attacks him sometimes, so as to make him a sad spectacle. Mr. P. from the merit of this work, which was all the knowledge he had of him, endeavoured to serve him without his own application, and wrote to my Lord Gower, but did not succeed. Mr. Johnson published afterwards another poem in Latin, with notes, the whole very humorous, called the '*Norfolk Prophecy.*'

At the close of the year 1739, the friends of Savage commiserating his case, raised a subscription to enable that unfortunate genius to retire to Swansea; by which means Johnson was parted from his companion, and exempted from many temptations to dissipation and licentiousness, in which he indulged from his attachment to his friend, though contrary to the gravity of his own temper and disposition.

In the years 1740, 41, 42, and 43, he furnished for the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' a variety of publications, besides the Parliamentary Debates. Among these were the lives of several eminent men; an essay on the account of the conduct of the Duke of Marlborough, then the popular topic of conversation; and an advertisement for Osborne, concerning the 'Bibliotheca Harleiana, or a Catalogue of the Library of the Earl of Oxford.'—This was afterwards prefixed to the first volume of the catalogue, in which the Latin account of books was written by him. Mr. Osborne purchased the library for 13,000l. a sum which Mr. Oldys says in one of his manuscripts was not more than the binding of the books had cost, yet the slowness of the sale was such, that there was not much gained by it. It has been confidently related with many embellishments, that Johnson knocked Osborne down in his shop with a folio, and put his foot upon his neck. Johnson himself relates it differently to Mr. Boswell, 'Sir, he was impertinent to me, and I beat him; but it was not in his shop, it was in my own chamber.' This anecdote has been told to prove Johnson's ferocity; but the matter has been palliated by the friends of Johnson, who imputed it to the arrogant behaviour of the bookseller.

In 1744, he produced the Life of Savage, which he had announced his intention of writing in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for August 1743. This work did him infinite honour; being no sooner published, than the following liberal commendation was given of it by Fielding in the

'Cham-

'Champion,' which was copied into the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for April, and confirmed by the approbation of the public.

'This pamphlet is, without flattery to its author, as just and well written a piece, as any of its kind I ever saw. It is certainly penned with equal accuracy and spirit; of which I am so much the better judge, as I know many of the facts to be strictly true and very fairly related. It is a very amusing and withal a very instructive and valuable performance. The author's observations are short, significant and just, and his narrative remarkably smooth, and well disposed. His reflections open to all the recesses of the human heart; and in a word, a more just or pleasant, a more engaging, or a more instructive treatise in all the excellencies and defects of human nature, is scarce to be found in our own, or perhaps any other language."——

Johnson, great as his abilities confessedly were, had now lived half his days to very little purpose; he had toiled and laboured, yet as he himself expresses it, it was 'to provide for the day that was passing over him.' Sir John Hawkins has preserved a list of literary projects of no less than thirty-nine articles, which he had formed in the course of his studies; but such was his want of encouragement, or the versatility of his temper, that not one of all those projects was ever executed. He now formed a plan for a new edition of Shakespeare; but in this he was anticipated by Warburton, of whose competency for the undertaking the public had then a very high opinion. The preparatory pamphlet however, which Johnson had published upon the occasion, was highly commended by that supercilious churchman, who spoke of it as the work of a man of great parts and genius. Johnson ever acknowledged the obligation with gratitude, 'He praised me,' said he, 'at a time when praise was of value to me.'

In 1746 he formed and digested the plan of his great philological work, which might then be well esteemed one of the desiderata of English literature: It was announced to the public in 1747, in a pamphlet entitled 'The Plan of a Dictionary of the English language, addressed to the Right Honorable Philip Dormer, Earl of Chesterfield, one of his Majesty's principal secretaries of state.' The hint of undertaking this work is said to have been first suggested to Johnson by Dodsley, who contracted with him for

for the execution of it in conjunction with Mr. Charles Hitch, Mr. Andrew Millar, the two Meſſrs. Longman and the two Meſſrs. Knapton. The price ſtipulated was 1575l. The cauſe of its being inſcribed to Lord Cheſterfield is thus related: 'I had neglected,' ſaid Johnſon, 'to write it by the time appointed. Dodſley ſuggeſted a deſire to have it addreſſed to Lord Cheſterfield. I laid hold of this as a pretext for the delay, that it might be better done, and let Dodſley have his deſire.'

To enable him to complete this vaſt undertaking, he hired a houſe, fitted up one of the upper rooms after the manner of a counting houſe, and employed ſix amanuenſes there in tranſcribing. The words partly taken from other dictionaries, and partly ſupplied by himſelf, having been firſt written down with ſpaces left between them; he delivered in writing their etymologies, definitions and various ſignifications. The authorities were copied from the books themſelves, in which he had marked the ſeveral paſſages with a black lead pencil, the traces of which could eaſily be effaced.

His fortunate pupil Garrick having in the courſe of this year become joint patentee and manager of Drury Lane theatre, Johnſon furniſhed him with a prologue at the opening of it, which for juſt and manly criticiſm, as well as poetical excellence, is unrivalled in that ſpecies of compoſition.

In 1748, he formed a club that met at a chop-houſe in Ivy Lane every Tueſday evening, with a view to enjoy literary diſcuſſion, and the pleaſure of animated relaxation. They uſed to diſpute about the moral ſenſe and the fitneſs of things, but Johnſon was not uniform in his opinions, contending as often for victory as for truth. This inclination prevailed with him throughout life.

The year following he publiſhed 'The Vanity of Human Wiſhes, being the tenth Satire of Juvenal imitated,' with his name. This poem is characterized by profound reflection, more than pointed ſpirit. It has however been always held in high eſteem. The inſtances of the variety of diſappointments are choſen ſo judiciouſly, and painted ſo ſtrongly, that the moment they are read, they bring conviction to every thinking mind.

The ſame year his tragedy of *Irene*, which had long been kept back for want of encouragement, appeared upon the ſtage

ſtage at Drury Lane, through the kindneſs of his friend Garrick. Previous to the repreſentation a violent altercation took place between the author and the manager. Johnſon, like too many authors, little acquainted with ſtage effect, pertinaciouſly rejected the advice of Garrick, and would by no means ſubmit his lines to the critical amputation of the manager, till at length through the interference of a friend to both parties, he gave way to the propoſed alterations, at leaſt in part; and the tragedy was produced.

Before the curtain was drawn up, Johnſon's friends were alarmed by the whiſtling of cat-calls; but the prologue, written by the author in a manly ſtrain, ſoothed the audience, and the play went off tolerably well till it came to the concluſion, when Mrs. Pritchard, the heroine of the piece, was to be ſtrangled upon the ſtage, and was to ſpeak two lines with the bow-ſtring round her neck. The audience cried out—'Murder! murder!'—She ſeveral times attempted to ſpeak, but in vain: at laſt ſhe was obliged to go off the ſtage alive. This paſſage was afterwards ſtruck out, and ſhe was carried off to be put to death behind the ſcenes, no doubt at the ſuggeſtion of Mr. Garrick, to which if the author had attended in time, his compliance might have ſaved his play. However it is ſaid that he acquieſced without a murmur in the unfavourable deciſion of the public upon his tragedy, and it appears he was convinced that dramatic writing was not his fort, as he was never known to have made another effort in that ſpecies of compoſition.

On the 20th of March 1750, he publiſhed the firſt paper of the *Rambler*, and continued it without interruption every Tueſday and Friday till the 17th of March 1752, when it cloſed. In carrying on this periodical publication he ſeems neither to have courted, nor to have met with much aſſiſtance; the papers contributed by others amounting only to five in number. Theſe admirable eſſays we are told by Mr. Boſwell, were written in haſte, juſt as they were wanted for the preſs, without ever being read over by him before they were printed. The *Rambler* was not ſucceſsful as a periodical work, not more than five hundred copies of any one number having been ever ſold. Soon after the firſt folio edition was concluded, it was publiſhed in four octavo volumes, and the author lived to ſee a juſt tribute of approbation paid to its merit in the extenſiveneſs of its ſale, ten numerous editions of it having been printed in London,

London, before his death, beſides thoſe in Ireland and Scotland.

Sir John Hawkins relates that in the ſpring of 1751, he indulged himſelf in a frolic of midnight revelling. This was to celebrate the birth-day of Mrs. Lennox's firſt literary child, the novel of 'Harriet Stuart.' He drew the members of the Ivy Lane club, and others, to the number of twenty, to the Devil tavern, where Mrs. Lennox and her huſband met them. Johnſon, after an invocation of the muſes, and ſome other ceremonies of his own invention, inveſted the authoreſs with a laurel crown. The feſtivity was protracted till morning, and Johnſon throughout the night was a Bacchanalian without the uſe of wine.

Though his circumſtances at this time were far from being eaſy; he received as a conſtant viſitor at his houſe, Miſs Anna Williams, daughter of a Welſh phyſician, and a woman of more than ordinary talents and literature, who had juſt loſt her ſight. She had contracted a cloſe intimacy with his wife, and after her death ſhe had an apartment from him at all times when he had a houſe. In 1755, Garrick gave her a benefit which produced 200l. She afterwards publiſhed a quarto volume of miſcellanies, and thereby increaſed her little ſtock to 300l. This, and Johnſon's protection ſupported her during the reſt of her life.

In 1752 he loſt his wife, after a cohabitation of ſeventeen years, and in this melancholy event felt the moſt poignant diſtreſs. In the interval between her death and burial he compoſed a funeral ſermon for her which was never preached, but being given to a friend, it has been publiſhed ſince his death. The following authentic and artleſs account of his ſituation after his wife's death was given to Mr. Boſwell, by Francis Barber, his faithful negro-ſervant, who was brought from Jamaica by Colonel Bathurſt, father of his friend Doctor Bathurſt, and came into his family about a fortnight after the diſmal event.

'He was in great affliction, Miſs Williams was then living in his houſe, which was in Gough Square. He was buſy with his dictionary; Mr. Shiels and ſome others of the gentlemen who had written for him, uſed to come about him. He had then little for himſelf, but frequently ſent money to Mr. Shiels when in diſtreſs. The friends who viſited him at that time were chiefly Dr. Bathurſt, and Mr. Diamond an apothecary, in Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, with whom

whom he and Miſs Williams generally dined every Sunday. There were alſo Mr. Cave, Dr. Hawkeſworth, Mrs. Maſters, the poeteſs who lived with Mrs. Cave, Mr. Carter, and ſometimes Mrs. Macaulay; Mr. (afterwards Sir Joſhua) Reynolds, Mr. Millar, Mr. Dodſley, Mr. Payne, Mr. Strahan, the Earl of Orrery, Lord Southwell and Mr. Garrick.' Johnſon ſeems to have ſought a remedy for the deprivation of domeſtic ſociety in the loſs of his wife, in the company of this circle of his acquaintance, who conceived for him the moſt ſincere veneration and eſteem.

Soon after the *Rambler* ceaſed, Dr. Hawkeſworth projected the *Adventurer*, in conjunction with Bonnel Thornton, Dr. Bathurſt, and others. The firſt number was publiſhed 7th November, 1752, and the paper continued twice a week till March 9th, 1754. Thornton's aſſiſtance was ſoon withdrawn, and he ſet up a new paper in conjunction with Colman called the *Connoiſſeur*. Johnſon was zealous for the ſucceſs of the *Adventurer*, which was at firſt rather more popular than the *Rambler*. He engaged the aſſiſtance of Dr. Warton, whoſe admirable eſſays were well known. Johnſon began to write in the *Adventurer* April 10th, 1753. marking his papers with the Signature T. His price was two guineas for each paper. Of all the papers he wrote he gave both the fame and the profit to Dr. Bathurſt. Indeed the latter wrote them, while Johnſon dictated; tho' he conſidered it as a point of honour not to own them. He even uſed to ſay he did not *write* them, on the pretext that he *dictated* them only, allowing himſelf by this caſuiſtry to be acceſſary to the propagation of falſehood, though his conſcience had been hurt by even the appearance of impoſition in writing the Parliamentary Debates. This year he wrote for Mrs. Lennox the 'Dedication to the Earl of Orrery,' of her *Shakeſpeare illuſtrated* in two volumes 12mo.

The death of Mr. Cave, January the 10th, 1754, afforded Johnſon an opportunity of ſhewing his regard for his early patron by writing his life, which was publiſhed in the Gentleman's Magazine for February: in the end of July he found leiſure to make an excurſion to Oxford for the purpoſe of conſulting the libraries there. 'He ſtayed,' ſays Mr. Warton, 'about five weeks, but he did not collect any thing in the libraries for his dictionary.

As the arduous work of the dictionary drew towards a concluſion, Lord Cheſterfield, who had treated Johnſon

with great contempt, now meanly condeſcended to court a reconciliation with him, in hopes of being immortalized in a dedication. With this view he wrote two eſſays in the "World," in praiſe of the dictionary, and according to Sir John Hawkins, ſent Sir Thomas Robinſon to him for the ſame purpoſe. But Johnſon rejected the advances of the noble Lord, and ſpurned his profered patronage, in the following letter, which is worthy of being preſerved, as it affords the nobleſt leſſon to both patrons and authors that ſtands upon record in the annals of literary hiſtory.

'I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the "World," that two papers in which my dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordſhip. To be diſtinguiſhed is an honour, which being very little accuſtomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

'When upon ſome ſlight encouragement I firſt viſited your Lordſhip, I was overpowered like the reſt of mankind by your addreſs, and could not forbear to wiſh that I might boaſt myſelf *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*, that I might obtain that regard for which I ſaw the world contending; but I found my attendance ſo little encouraged that neither pride nor modeſty would ſuffer me to continue it. When I had once addreſſed your lordſhip in public, I had exhauſted all the art of pleaſing which a retired and uncourtly ſcholar can poſſeſs. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleaſed to have his all neglected, be it ever ſo little.

'Seven years, my Lord, have now paſſed, ſince I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulſed from your door; during which time I have been puſhing on my work through difficulties of which it is uſeleſs to complain, and have brought it at laſt to the verge of publication, without one act of aſſiſtance, one word of encouragement, or one ſmile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

'The Shepherd in Virgil grew at laſt acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

'Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man ſtruggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleaſed to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till

till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it, till I am ſolitary and cannot impart it, till I am known and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical aſperity, not to confeſs obligations, where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public ſhould conſider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myſelf.

'Having carried on my work thus far, with ſo little obligation to any favourer of learning, I ſhall not be diſappointed though I ſhould conclude it, if leſs be poſſible, with leſs; for I have been long awakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boaſted myſelf with ſo much exultation. *My Lord, your's, &c. &c.*

Johnſon however acknowledged, to a friend, that he once received ten pounds from Lord Cheſterfield; but as that was ſo inconſiderable a ſum, he thought the mention of it could not properly find place in a letter of the kind that this was. Lord Cheſterfield read the letter to Dodſley with an air of indifference, ſmiled at the ſeveral paſſages, and obſerved how well they were expreſſed. He excuſed his neglect of Johnſon, by ſaying that he had heard he had changed his lodgings, and did not know where he lived, and declared he would have turned off the beſt ſervant he ever had, if he knew that he had denied him to a man who would have been always more than welcome. Of Lord Cheſterfield's general affability and eaſineſs of acceſs, eſpecially to literary men, the evidence is unqueſtionable; but of the character which he gave of Johnſon in his letters to his ſon, and the difference in their manners, little union or friendſhip could be looked for between them. Certain it is however, that Johnſon remained under an obligation to his lordſhip to the value of ten pounds.

Though he failed in an attempt, at an early period of life, to obtain the degree of Maſter of Arts; the univerſity of Oxford, a ſhort time before the publication of his dictionary, in anticipation of the excellence of the work, and at the ſolicitation of his friend Mr. Warton, unanimouſly preſented it to him; and it was conſidered as an honour of conſiderable importance in the introduction of the work to the notice of the public.

At length in the month of May 1754, appeared his 'Dictionary of the Engliſh Language, with an Hiſtory of the Language, and an Engliſh Grammar, in two volumes,

folio.' It was received by the learned world, who had long wiſhed for its appearance, with a degree of applauſe, proportionable to the impatience which the promiſe of it had excited. Though we may believe him in the declaration at the end of his preface, that he diſmiſſed it with frigid tranquility, having little to fear or hope from cenſure or from praiſe; there cannot be a doubt but that he was highly gratified by the reputation it acquired both at home and abroad. The Earl of Corke and Orrery, being at Florence, preſented it to the *Academia della Cruſca*. The academy ſent Johnſon their *Vocabulario*, and the French Academy ſent him their *Dictionaire* by Mr. Langton.

Johnſon, as though he had foreſeen ſome of the circumſtances which would attend the publication of this arduous work, obſerves, 'A few wild blunders and riſible abſurdities, from which no work of ſuch multiplicity was ever free, may for a time furniſh folly with laughter, and harden ignorance into contempt; but uſeful diligence will at laſt prevail, and there can never be wanting ſome who diſtinguiſh deſert.' Among thoſe who amuſed themſelves and the public on this occaſion, Mr. Wilkes, in an eſſay printed in the public advertiſer, ridiculed the following paſſage in the *Grammar*, 'H ſeldom, perhaps never, begins any but the firſt ſyllable.' The remark is certainly too definite; but the author never altered the paſſage. Dr. Kenrick threatened an attack, ſeveral years after, in his Review of Johnſon's Shakeſpeare, but it was never carried into execution. *Campbell's Lexiphanes*, publiſhed in 1767, and *Callender's Deformities of Dr. Johnſon*, in 1782, may have ſome point and tendency to riſibility, but in the opinion of a ſcholar muſt be inſignificant and nugatory. It would be doing injuſtice to the memory of his old friend and pupil Garrick, to omit the following epigram, with which he complimented our learned author on the firſt appearance of his dictionary. It is happily alluſive to the ill ſucceſs of the *forty* members of the French Academy employed in ſettling their language.

'Talk of war with a Briton, he'll boldly advance
That one Engliſh ſoldier will beat ten of France;
Would we alter the boaſt from the ſword to the pen,
Our odds are ſtill greater, ſtill greater our men;
In the deep mines of ſcience, tho' Frenchmen may toil,
Can their ſtrength be compar'd to Locke, Newton, and Boyle?

Let

Let them rally their heroes, ſend forth all their powers,
Their verſe-men and proſe-men, then match them with ours;
Firſt Shakeſpeare and Milton, like gods in the fight,
Have put their whole drama and epic to flight;
In ſatires, epiſtles, and odes would they cope,
Their numbers retreat before Dryden and Pope;
And Johnſon well-armed like a hero of yore,
Has beat *forty* French, and will beat forty more.'

Our author having ſpent, during the progreſs of his laborious work, the money for which he had contracted to execute it, was ſtill under the neceſſity of exerting his talents, as he himſelf expreſſes it, in making proviſion for the day that was paſſing over him. The ſubſcriptions taken in for his edition of Shakeſpeare, and the profits of his miſcellaneous eſſays, were now his principal reſource for ſubſiſtence; and it appears from the following letter to Mr. Richardſon, dated Gough Square, March 16, 1756, that they were not ſufficient to ward off the diſtreſs of an arreſt on a particular emergency.

'I am obliged to entreat your aſſiſtance; I am now under an arreſt for five pounds eighteen ſhillings; Mr. Strahan from whom I ſhould have received the neceſſary help in this caſe is not at home, and I am afraid of not finding Mr. Millar. If you could be ſo good as to ſend me this ſum, I will very gratefully repay you, and add it to all former obligations.' In the margin of this letter there is a memorandum in theſe words.—'March 16, 1756. Sent ſix guineas, Witneſs William Richardſon.'

The ſame year he engaged to ſuperintend, and contribute largely, to another monthly publication, entitled—'The Literary Magizine, or Univerſal Review.' For this periodical work, he wrote original eſſays, and critical reviews: his eſſays evince extenſive reading and ſound judgment: ſome of his reviews are ſhort accounts of the productions noticed, but many of them are examples of elaborate criticiſm in the moſt maſterly ſtyle. About this period he was offered by a particular friend, a church living of conſiderable value in Lincolnſhire, if he would take orders and accept it; but he choſe to decline the clerical function. This year the Ivy Lane club was diſſolved by the diſperſion of the members.

In April 1758, he began the *Idler*, which appeared ſtatedly in a weekly newſpaper, called—'The Univerſal

nicle,' and was continued till April 1760. The *Idler* evidently appeared to be the production of the ſame genius as the *Rambler*; but it has more of real life as well as eaſe of language.

Soon after the death of his mother, which happened in the beginning of 1759, he wrote his Raſſelas, Prince of Abyſſinia, that with the profits he might defray the expence of her funeral, and pay ſome little debts which he had contracted. He told Sir Joſhua Reynolds that he compoſed it in the evenings of one week, ſent it to the preſs in portions as it was written, and had never ſince read it over. He received for the copy 100l.; and 25l. when it came to a ſecond edition. The applauſe with which this work was received, bore ample teſtimony to its merit; indeed, its reception was ſuch that it has been tranſlated into various modern languages, and admitted into the politeſt libraries of Europe.

In 1760, Mr. Murphy conceiving himſelf illiberally treated by Dr. Franklin, a cotemporary writer in his Diſſertation on Tragedy, publiſhed an animated vindication of himſelf, in a Poetical Epiſtle to Samuel Johnſon, A. M. in which he complimented Johnſon in a juſt and elegant manner. An acquaintance firſt commenced between Johnſon and Mr. Murphy in the following manner. Mr. Murphy during the publication of his 'Gray's Inn Journal,' happened to be in the country with Foote, the modern Ariſtophanes, and having mentioned that he was obliged to go London, to get ready for the preſs one of the numbers; Foote ſaid to him—'You need not go on that account. Here is a French magazine, in which you will find a very pretty oriental tale; tranſlate that and ſend it to your printer. Mr. Murphy having read the tale was highly pleaſed with it, and followed Foote's advice. When he arrived in town, this tale was pointed out to him in the *Rambler*, from whence it had been tranſlated into the French magazine. Mr. Murphy then waited upon Johnſon to explain this curious incident, and a friendſhip was formed between them that continued without interruption till the death of Johnſon.

In 1762, Fortune, which had hitherto left our author to ſtruggle with the inconveniences of a precarious ſubſiſtence, ariſing entirely from his own labours, gave him that independence which his literary talents certainly deſerved. His preſent Majeſty, in the month of July,

granted

granted him a penſion of 300l. per annum, as a recompence for the honour which the excellence of his writings had been to theſe kingdoms. He obtained it through the interference of the Earl of Bute, then Firſt Lord Commiſſioner of the Treaſury, upon the ſuggeſtion of Mr. Wedderburn, now Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, at the inſtance of Mr. Murphy and the late Mr. Sheridan, father of the preſent proprietor of Drury Lane theatre, and eminent for his Lectures on Oratory, as well as Dictionary of the Engliſh Language. Johnſon from this circumſtance was cenſured by ſome as an apoſtate, and ridiculed by others for becoming a penſioner. The North Briton was furniſhed with arguments againſt the miniſter for rewarding a Tory and a Jacobite; and Churchill ſatirized his political verſatility with the moſt poignant ſeverity in the four following lines.

'How to all principles untrue,
Not fix'd to old friends, nor to new,
He damns the penſion which he takes,
And loves the Stuart he forſakes.'

His acceptance of the royal bounty undoubtedly ſubjected him to the appellation of penſioner, to which he had annexed an ignominious definition in his dictionary. It is with great propriety remarked upon this occaſion, that—'having received a favour from two Scotchmen, againſt whoſe country he joined in the rabble cry of indiſcriminate invective; it was thus that even-handed Juſtice commended the poiſoned chalice to his own lips, and compelled him to an awkward, though not unpleaſant penance, for indulging in a ſplenetic prejudice equally unworthy of his head and heart.'

In 1763, Mr. Boſwell, from whoſe account the principal circumſtances in theſe memoirs are taken, was introduced to our author, and continued to live in great intimacy with him from that time till his death.

Churchill in his 'Ghoſt,' availed himſelf of the common opinion of Johnſon's credulity, and drew a caricature of him under the name of *Pompoſo*, repreſenting him as one of the believers of the ſtory of a ghoſt in Cock Lane, which in 1762 had gained very great credit in London. Johnſon made no reply, for it ſeems that with other wiſe folks he ſat up with the ghoſt. Contrary however to the common opinion of Johnſon's credulity, Mr. Boſwell

well aſſerts that he was a principal agent in detecting the impoſture; and undeceived the world by publiſhing an account of it in the Gentleman's Magazine for January 1762.

In February 1764, to enlarge the circle of his literary acquaintance, and afford opportunities for converſation, he founded a ſociety which afterwards became diſtinguiſhed by the title of the *Literary Club*, and Sir Joſhua Reynolds was the firſt propoſer, to which Johnſon acceded, and the original members were, beſides himſelf, Sir Joſhua Reynolds, Mr. Burke, Dr. Nugent, Mr. Beauclerk, Mr. Langton, Sir John Hawkins, and Goldſmith. They met at the Turk's Head, in Gerrard Street, Soho, on every Monday throughout the year.

The ſucceeding year, 1765, was remarkable for the commencement of his acquaintance with Mr. Thrale, one of the moſt eminent brewers in England, and member of parliament for Southwark. Mr. Murphy who was intimate with Mr. Thrale, having ſpoken very highly of Johnſon's converſation, he was requeſted to make them acquainted. This being mentioned to Johnſon, he accepted of an invitation to dinner at Mr. Thrale's, and was ſo much pleaſed with his reception both by Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, and they were ſo much pleaſed with him, that his invitations to their houſe became more and more frequent, till, in courſe of time he ranked as one of the family, and an apartment was appropriated to him both in their houſe at Southwark, and at their villa at Streatham. Nothing could be more fortunate for Johnſon than this connection. He had at the houſe of his friend all the comforts and even luxuries of life, his melancholy was diverted, and his irregular habits leſſened, by aſſociation with an agreeable and well ordered family, by whom he was treated with the utmoſt reſpect and even affection; and it is recorded to the honour of his worthy friend, that the patron of literature and talents, of which Johnſon ſought in vain for the traces in Cheſterfield, he found realized in Thrale.

In the courſe of this year he was complimented by the Univerſity of Dublin with the degree of Doctor of Laws, as the diploma expreſſes it, *ob egregium ſcriptorum elegantiam et utilitatem*, though he does not appear to have taken the title in conſequence of it. Soon after, he publiſhed his edition of 'The Plays of William Shakeſpeare, with the Corrections and Illuſtrations of various Commentators, to which

which are added Notes by Samuel Johnſon,' octavo. Sir John Hawkins thinks it a meagre work, he complains of the paucity of the notes, and Johnſon's unfitneſs for the office of a ſcholiaſt. It was treated with great illiberality by Dr. Kenrick in the firſt part of a 'Review' of it, which was never completed. But it muſt be acknowledged that what he did as a commentator has no ſmall ſhare of merit. He has enriched his edition with a conciſe account of each play, and of its characteriſtic excellence. In the ſagacity of his emendatory criticiſms, and the happineſs of his interpretation of obſcure paſſages, he ſurpaſſes every other editor of this poet. Mr. Malone confeſſes that Johnſon's vigorous and comprehenſive underſtanding, threw more light on this author than all his predeceſſor had done. His preface has been pronounced by Mr. Malone to be the fineſt compoſition in our language: and it muſt be admitted, whether we conſider the beauty and vigour of its compoſition, the abundance and claſſical ſelection of its alluſions, the juſtneſs of the general precepts of criticiſm, and its accurate eſtimates of the excellence or defects of its author, it is equally admirable.

In February, 1767, our author was honoured by a private converſation with the king in the library at Buckingham houſe, which, as pointedly expreſſed by one of his biographers, gratified his monarchic enthuſiaſm. The interview was ſought by the king without the knowledge of Johnſon. His majeſty, among other things, aſked the author of ſo many valuable works, if he intended to publiſh any more. Johnſon modeſtly anſwered, that he thought he had written enough. 'And ſo ſhould I too,' replied the king, 'if you had not written ſo well.' Johnſon was highly pleaſed with his majeſty's courteouſneſs, and afterwards obſerved to a friend—'Sir, his manners are thoſe of as fine a gentleman, as we may ſuppoſe Louis XIV. or Charles II.

In 1770, he publiſhed a political pamphlet, entitled *The Falſe Alarm*, intended to juſtify the conduct of miniſtry, and the majority of the Houſe of Commons, for having virtually aſſumed it as an axiom, that the expulſion of a member of parliament was equivalent to an excluſion; and their having declared Colonel Lutrell to be duly elected for the county of Middleſex, notwithſtanding Mr. Wilkes had a great majority of votes. This being conſidered as a groſs

groſs violation of the right of election, an alarm for the conſtitution extended itſelf all over the kingdom. To prove this alarm to be falſe, was the purpoſe of Johnſon's pamphlet; but his arguments failed of effect, and the Houſe of Commons has ſince eraſed the offenſive reſolution from the Journals. This pamphlet has great merit in point of language, but it contains much groſs miſrepreſentation, and much malignity, and abounds with ſuch arbitrary principles as are totally inconſiſtent with a free conſtitution.

As Johnſon now ſhone in the plentitude of his political glory, from the number and celebrity of his miniſterial pamphlets, an attempt was made to bring him into the houſe of commons by Mr. Strahan the king's printer, who was himſelf in parliament, and wrote to the ſecretary of the treaſury upon the ſubject; but the application was not ſucceſsful.

In 1773 he publiſhed a new edition of his Dictionary, with additions and corrections, and in the autumn of the ſame year he gratified a deſire which he had long entertained, of viſiting the Hebrides or weſtern iſles of Scotland. He was accompanied by Mr. Boſwell; whoſe acuteneſs he afterwards obſerved would help his enquiry, and whoſe gaiety of converſation and civility of manners were ſufficient to counteract the inconveniencies of travel in countries leſs hoſpitable than thoſe they were to paſs.

In the courſe of the years 1773 and 1774, he publiſhed a number of pamphlets in vindication of the conduct of miniſtry, to whom as a penſioner he had become wholly devoted. Theſe he collected into a volume and publiſhed under the title of 'Political Tracts by the author of the Rambler, octavo.' In March he was gratified by the title of Doctor of Laws, conferred on him by the Univerſity of Oxford, at the ſolicitation of Lord North. In September he viſited France for the firſt time with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale and Mr. Baretti, and returned to England in about two months after he quitted it. Foote, who happened to be in Paris at the ſame time, ſaid that the French were perfectly aſtoniſhed at his figure and manner, and at his dreſs; which was exactly the ſame with what he was accuſtomed to in London; his brown clothes, black ſtockings and plain ſhirt. Of the occurrences of this tour, he kept a journal, in all probability with a deſign of writing

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an account of it, but for want of leiſure and inclination he never carried it into execution.

This year he publiſhed an account of his tour to the Hebrides, under the title of 'a Journey to the Weſtern Iſles of Scotland, octavo.' The narrative, it muſt be admitted, is written with an undue prejudice againſt both the country and people of Scotland, which is highly reprehenſible, though it abounds in extenſive philoſophical views of ſociety, ingenious ſentiments and lively deſcriptions. Among many other diſquiſitions, he expreſſes his diſbelief of the authenticity of the poems of Oſſian preſented to the public as a tranſlation from the Erſe. This excited the reſentment of Mr. Macpherſon, who ſent a threatening letter to the author, and Johnſon anſwered him in the rough phraſe of ſtern defiance.

'I received your fooliſh and impudent letter. Any violence offered me I ſhall do my beſt to repel, and what I cannot do for myſelf, the law ſhall do for me; I hope I ſhall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian! What would you have me retract? I thought your book an impoſture, I think it an impoſture ſtill. For this opinion I have given my reaſons to the public, which I here dare you to refute; your rage I defy, your abilities, ſince your Homer, are not ſo formidable, and what I hear of your morals, inclines me to pay regard not to what you ſhall ſay, but to what you ſhall prove. You may print this if you will."

The threats alluded to in this letter never were attempted to be put into execution. But Johnſon, as a proviſion of defence, furniſhed himſelf with a large oaken plant, ſix feet in height, of the diameter of an inch at the lower end, increaſing to three inches at the top, and terminating in a head (once the root) of the ſize of a large orange. This he kept in his bed-chamber; ſo near his chair as to be within his reach.

In 1777 the fate of Dr. Dodd excited Johnſon's compaſſion, and called forth the ſtrenuous exertion of his vaſt comprehenſive mind. He thought his ſentence juſt, yet perhaps fearing that religion might ſuffer from the errors of one of its miniſters, he endeavoured to prevent the laſt ignominious ſpectacle, by writing ſeveral petitions, as well as obſervations in the newſpapers in his favour. He likewiſe wrote a prologue to Kelly's comedy

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of a *Word to the Wiſe*, which was acted at Covent Garden theatre for the benefit of the author's widow and children.

This year he engaged to write a conciſe account of the Lives of the Engliſh Poets; as a recompenſe for an undertaking as he thought not very tedious or difficult, he bargained for two hundred guineas; and was afterwards preſented by the proprietors with one hundred pounds. In the ſelection of the poets he had no reſponſible concern; but Blackmore, Watts, Pomfret, and Yalden were inſerted by his recommendation.—This was the laſt of Johnſon's literary labours, and though completed when he was in his ſeventy-firſt year, ſhews that his faculties were in as vigorous a ſtate as ever. His judgment and his taſte, his quickneſs in the diſcrimination of motives, and facility of moral reflections, ſhine as ſtrongly in theſe narratives, as in any of his more early performances; and his ſtyle if not ſo energetic, is at leaſt more ſmoothed down to the taſte of the generality of readers. The lives of the Engliſh Poets formed a memorable era in Johnſon's life. It is a work which has contributed to immortalize his name, and has ſecured that rational eſteem, which party or partiality could not procure, and which even the injudicious zeal of his friends has not been able to leſſen.

From the cloſe of this work, the malady that perſecuted him through life, came upon him with redoubled force. His conſtitution rapidly declined, and the fabric of his mind ſeemed to be tottering. The contemplation of his approaching end dwelt conſtantly upon his mind, and the proſpect of death he declared was terrible.

In 1781 he loſt his valuable friend Thrale, who appointed him executor with a legacy of 200l. 'I felt,' he ſaid, 'almoſt the laſt flutter of his pulſe, and looked for the laſt time upon that face, that for fifteen years had never been turned upon me, but with reſpect and benignity.' Of his departed friend he has given a true character in a Latin epitaph to be ſeen in the church-yard of Streatham.

After the death of Mr. Thrale, his viſits to Streatham, where he no longer looked upon himſelf as a welcome gueſt, became leſs and leſs frequent; and on the 5th of April 1783, he took his final leave of Mrs. Thrale, to whom for near twenty years he had been under the higheſt obligations; a friendly correſpondence continued however between Johnſon and Mrs. Thrale without interruption,

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till the ſummer following, when ſhe retired to Bath, and informed him that ſhe was going to diſpoſe of herſelf in marriage to Signior Piozzi, an Italian muſic maſter. Johnſon endeavoured to diſſuade her from the match, but without effect; for her anſwer to his letter on the ſubject, contained a vindication of her conduct and her fame, an inhibition of Johnſon from following her to Bath, and a farewell, concluding, 'till you have changed your opinion of ——— let us converſe no more!'

From this time the narrative of his life is little more than a recital of the preſſures of melancholy and diſeaſe, and of numberleſs excurſions taken to calm his anxiety, and ſooth his apprehenſions of the terrors of death, by flying as it were from himſelf. In the beginning of 1784, he was ſeized with a ſpaſmodic aſthma, which was ſoon accompanied with ſome degree of dropſy. From the latter of theſe complaints, however, he was greatly relieved by a courſe of medicine.

Having expreſſed a deſire of going to Italy for the recovery of his health, and his friends not deeming his penſion adequate to the ſupport of the expences incidental to the journey; application was made to the miniſter, by Mr. Boſwell and Sir Joſhua Reynolds unknown to Johnſon, through Lord Chancellor Thurlow, for an augmentation of it by 200l. The application was unſucceſsful; but the Lord Chancellor offered to let him have 500l. out of his own purſe, under the appellation of a loan, but with the intention of conferring it as a preſent. It is alſo recorded to the honour of Dr. Brockleſby that he offered to contribute 100l. per annum, during his reſidence abroad; but Johnſon declined the offer with becoming gratitude; indeed he was now approaching faſt to a ſtate in which money could be of no avail.

During his illneſs he experienced the ſteady and kind attachment of his numerous friends. Dr. Heberden, Dr. Brockleſby, Dr. Warren, and Mr. Cruikſhank generouſly attended him without accepting any fees; but his conſtitution was decayed beyond the reſtorative powers of the medical art. Previous to his diſſolution he burnt indiſcriminately large maſſes of paper, and amongſt the reſt two 4to. volumes, containing a full and moſt particular account of his own life, the loſs of which is much to be regretted. He expired on the 13th of December, 1785, in the ſeventy

fifth year of his age, and was buried in Weſtminſter Abbey, near the foot of Shakeſpeare's monument, and cloſe to the coffin of his friend Garrick. Agreeable to his own requeſt, a large blue flag-ſtone was placed over his grave, with this inſcription.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. L. D.
OBIIT XIII. DIE DECEMBRIS,
ANNO DOMINI
M,DCC,LXXXV.
ÆTATIS SUÆ LXXV.

A monument for Johnſon in the cathedral church of St. Paul, in conjunction with the benevolent Howard was reſolved upon with the approbation of the dean and chapter, and ſupported by a moſt reſpectable contribution. It was opened in 1795.

Having no near relations, he left the bulk of his property, amounting to 1500l. to his faithful ſervant Francis Barber, whom he looked upon as particularly under his protection, and whom he had long treated as an humble friend. He appointed Sir Joſhua Reynolds, Sir John Hawkins, and Dr. (Sir William) Scott his executors. His death attracted the public attention in an uncommon degree, and was followed by an unprecedented accumulation of literary honours, in the various forms of ſermons, elegies, memoirs, lives, eſſays and anecdotes.

The religious, moral, political and literary character of Johnſon, will be better underſtood by the account of his life, than by any laboured and critical comments. Yet it may not be ſuperfluous here to attempt to collect from his ſeveral biographers, into one view his moſt prominent excellencies and diſtinguiſhing particularities.

Johnſon's figure was large, robuſt, and unwieldy, from corpulency. His appearance was rendered ſtrange and ſomewhat uncouth by ſudden emotions, which appeared to a common obſerver to be involuntary and convulſive. But in the opinion of Sir Joſhua Reynolds, they were the conſequence of a depraved habit of accompanying his thoughts with certain untoward actions, which ſeemed as if they were meant to reprobate ſome part of his paſt conduct. He had the uſe only of one eye; yet ſo much does the mind govern, and even ſupply the deficiency of organs, that his viſual perceptions, as far as they extended, were uncommonly quick and accurate. So morbid was his temperament,

rament, that he never enjoyed the free and vigorous uſe of his limbs; and when he walked, it was like the ſtraggling gait of one in fetters; and when he rode he had no command nor direction of his horſe. That with ſuch a conſtitution and habits of life, he ſhould have lived ſeventy-five years, is, as Mr. Boſwell remarks, a proof that an inherent *vivida vis* is a powerful preſervative of the human frame. In his dreſs he was ſingular and ſlovenly, and though he improved in ſome degree under the lectures of Mrs. Thrale, during his long reſidence in the family, yet he never could be ſaid to have completely ſurmounted particularity.

He was fond of good company and good living, and to the laſt, he knew of no method of regulating his appetite, but abſolute reſtraint, or unlimited indulgence. 'Many a day,' ſays Mr. Boſwell, 'did he faſt, many a year refrain from wine; but when he did eat, it was voraciouſly, when he did drink, it was copiouſly. He could practiſe abſtinence, but not temperance. In converſation it was generally admitted, that he was rude, intemperate, overbearing, and impatient of contradiction. Addicted to argument, and ambitious of victory, he was equally regardleſs of truth and fair reaſoning in his approaches to conqueſt. 'There is no arguing with him,' ſaid Goldſmith, alluding to a ſpeech in one of Cibber's plays; 'for if his piſtol miſſes fire, he knocks you down with the but end of it.

He had accuſtomed himſelf to ſuch accuracy in common converſation, that he at all times delivered himſelf with a force, choice, and elegance of expreſſion; the effect of which was aided by his having a loud voice, and a ſlow and deliberate utterance. Though uſually grave in his deportment, he poſſeſſed much wit and humour, and often indulged in colloquial pleaſantry. Mrs. Piozzi ſays, that 'if poetry was talked of, his quotations were the readieſt, and had he not been eminent for more ſolid and brilliant qualities, mankind would have united to extol his extraordinary memory. His manner of repeating deſerves to be deſcribed, though at the ſame time it defeats all power of deſcription; but whoever once heard him repeat an ode of Horace, would be long before they could endure to hear it repeated by another.'

Mr. Boſwell very judiciouſly obſerves, that in proportion to the native vigour of the mind, the contradictory qualities will be the more prominent, and more difficult

to be adjuſted, and therefore we are not to wonder that Johnſon exhibited an eminent example of this remark upon human nature. Though the vigour of his mind was almoſt beyond parallel; yet from early prejudices, which all his learning and philoſophy could never overcome, he was a zealous high-churchman; in his political ſentiments a rank Tory, and till his preſent Majeſty's acceſſion to the throne, a violent jacobite. His attachment to the Univerſity of Oxford, to which in his youth he owed no great obligations, led him unjuſtly to depreciate the merit of every perſon who had ſtudied at that of Cambridge. His averſion to whigs, diſſenters and preſbyterians was unconquerable, and his religious bigotry was ſuch, that when at Edinburgh, as Dr. Towers mentions, in his eſſay on his life, &c. he would not go to hear Dr. Robertſon preach, becauſe he would not be preſent at a preſbyterian aſſembly; though he with the learned world in general admitted that that eminent hiſtoriographer was a great ornament to literature, and thereby entitled to univerſal reſpect. He was ſo prone to ſuperſtition that he took off his hat in token of reverence, when he approached the places on which popiſh churches had formerly ſtood, and bowed before the monaſtic veſtiges; nay further, he went ſo far as to expreſs a ſerious concern, becauſe he had put milk into his tea on a Good Friday. He was ſolicitous to give authenticity to ſtories of apparations, and eaſy to credit the exiſtence of a ſecond ſight, while he appeared ſcrupulous and ſceptical as to particular facts.

Theſe mental diſtempers are juſtly attributed to his melancholic temperament, and were foſtered by ſolitary contemplation, till they had laid fetters upon the imagination too ſtrong for reaſon to burſt through. To this cauſe we muſt attribute his mentioning ſecret tranſgreſſions, his conſtant fear of death, and his religious terrors, not very conſiſtent with his ſtrength of mind, or his conviction of the goodneſs of God. This at leaſt ſeems to have been his own opinion of the progreſs of theſe diſeaſes, as appears from his hiſtory of the Mad Aſtronomer in *Raſſelas*, the deſcription of whoſe mind he ſeems to have intended as a repreſentation of his own.

But with all theſe defects, from a review of his life, it appears beyond a doubt that he poſſeſſed many virtues, having been remarkably humane, charitable, affectionate

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and generous. To the warm and active benevolence of his heart, all his friends have borne teſtimony. 'He had nothing,' ſays Goldſmith, 'of the bear but his ſkin.' Misfortune had only to form her claim, in order to found her right to the uſe of his purſe, or the exerciſe of his talents. His houſe was an aſylum for the unhappy, beyond what a regard to perſonal convenience would have allowed, and his income was diſtributed in the ſupport of his inmates, to an extent greater than general prudence would have permitted. Mrs. Piozzi in her anecdotes, remarks; that 'as his purſe was ever open to alms-giving, ſo was his heart tender to thoſe who wanted relief, and his ſoul ſuſceptible of gratitude, and every kind impreſſion.'

As a literary character Johnſon has eminently diſtinguiſhed himſelf as a philologiſt, a biographer, a critic, a moraliſt, a noveliſt, a political writer, and a poet.

As a philologiſt we need only to refer to his Dictionary in the Engliſh language, as its utility is univerſally acknowledged, and its popularity its beſt eulogium. The etymologies however, though they exhibit learning and judgment, are not in every inſtance entitled to unqualified praiſe. The definitions exhibit aſtoniſhing proofs of acutneſs of intellect and preciſion of language. His introducing his own opinions and even prejudices, under general definitions of words; as Tory, Whig, Penſion, Exciſe, &c. muſt be placed to the account of capricious and humorous indulgence.

Mr. Murphy, who has given a fair and candid eſtimate of the literary character of Johnſon, remarks that, 'the Dictionary, though in ſome inſtances abuſe has been loud, and in others malice has endeavoured to undermine its fame, ſtill remains the *Mount Atlas* of Engliſh literature.

'Though ſtorms and tempeſts thunder on its brow,
And oceans break their billows at its feet;
It ſtands unmoved, and glories in its height.'

As a biographer, his merit is certainly great. His narrative is in general vigorous, connected and perſpicuous, and his reflections numerous, appoſite and moral. But it muſt be owned that he neither dwells with pleaſure nor ſucceſs, upon thoſe minuter anecdotes of his life, which oftner ſhew the genuine man, than actions of greater importance. Sometimes alſo his colouring receives a tinge

from prejudice, and his judgment is inſenſibly warped by the particularity of his private opinion.

His character as a poetical biographer has been given by his townſman, Dr. Newton, in his poſthumous works, if not with his power, with his deciſion and ſeverity of cenſure.

'Dr. Johnſon's *Lives of the Poets* afford much amuſement, but candour was hurt and offended at the malevolence that preponderated in every part. Never was any biographer more ſparing of his praiſes, or more abundant in his cenſures. He delights more in expoſing blemiſhes, than in recommending bauuties; ſlightly paſſes over excellencies, enlarges upon imperfections; and not content with his own ſevere reflections, revives old ſcandal, and produces large quotations from the long forgotten works of former critics.'

As a critic, he is entitled to the praiſe of being the greateſt that our nation has produced. This praiſe he has merited by his preface to Shakeſpeare, and the detached pieces of criticiſm which appear among his works; but his critical powers ſhine with more concentrated radiance in the Lives of the Poets. Of many paſſages in theſe compoſitions it is not hyperbolical to affirm, that they are executed with all the ſkill and penetration of Ariſtotle, and animated and embelliſhed with all the fire of Longinus. 'The Paradiſe Loſt,' is a poem which the mind of Milton only could have produced; the criticiſm upon it is ſuch, as perhaps, the pen of Johnſon only could have written. His eſtimate of Dryden and Pope challenges Quintilian's remarks upon Demoſthenes and Cicero, and rivals the fineſt ſpecimens of elegant compoſition and critical acuteneſs in the Engliſh language.—But though Johnſon is entitled to this high eulogium, yet in many inſtances it is evident, that an affectation of ſingularity, or ſome other principle, not immediately viſible, frequently betrays him into a dogmatical ſpirit of contradiction to received opinion. Of this there needs no further proof than his almoſt uniform attempt to depreciate the writers of blank verſe, and his degrading eſtimate of the admirable compoſitions of Prior, Hammond, Collins, Gray, Shenſtone, and Akenſide. In his judgment of theſe poets, he may be juſtly accuſed of being warped by prejudice, reſolutely blind to merit.

Miſs Seward, the poeteſs of Litchfield, who has delineated his literary character, obſerves that 'when his attention

tion was called to modern writings, particularly if they were celebrated, and not written by any of his 'little Senate,' he generally liſtened with angry impatience; 'No Sir, I ſhall not read the book,' was his common reply. He turned from the compoſitions of riſing genius with viſible horror, which too plainly proved that envy was the boſom ſerpent of this literary deſpot, whoſe life had been unpolluted by licentious crimes, and who had ſome great and noble qualities, accompanying a ſtupendous reach of underſtanding.'

As a *moraliſt* his periodical papers are diſtinguiſhed from thoſe of other writers, who derived celebrity from ſimilar publications. He has neither the wit nor the graceful eaſe of Addiſon, nor has he the humour and claſſic ſuavity of Goldſmith. His powers are of a more grave, energic and dignified kind than any of his competitors, and if he entertains us leſs, he inſtructs us more. He ſhews himſelf maſter of all the receſſes of the human mind, able to detect vice when diſguiſed in its moſt ſpecious form, and equally poſſeſſed of a corroſive to eradicate, or a lenitive to aſſuage the follies and ſorrows of the heart. But his genius was only formed to chaſtiſe graver faults, which require to be touched with an heavier hand. His *Rambler* furniſhes ſuch an aſſemblage of diſcourſes on practical religion and moral duty, of critical inveſtigation, and allegorical and oriental tales, that no mind can be thought very deficient, that has by conſtant ſtudy and meditation aſſimilated to itſelf all that may be found there. Every page of the *Rambler* ſhews a mind teeming with claſſical illuſion and poetical imagery, illuſtrations from other writers are upon all occaſions ſo ready, and mingle ſo eaſily in his periods, that the whole appears of one uniform vivid texture.

Mrs. Piozzi in her Anecdotes, ſpeaking of this production, has theſe words; 'that piety which dictated the *Rambler*, will be for ever remembered, for ever I think revered. That ample repoſitory of religious truth, moral wiſdom, and accurate criticiſm, breathes indeed the genuine emanations of its great author's mind, expreſſed too in a ſtyle ſo natural to him, and ſo much like his common mode of converſing, that I was myſelf but little aſtoniſhed when he told me that he had ſcarcely read over one of thoſe inimitable eſſays before they went to the preſs.'

Mr. Murphy obſerves, that 'the *Rambler* may be conſidered

dered as Johnſon's great work. It was the baſis of that high reputation which went on increaſing to the end of his days. In this collection, Johnſon is the great moral teacher of his countrymen; his eſſays form a body of ethics; the obſervations on life and manners are acute and inſtructive; and the papers profeſſedly critical, ſerve to promote the cauſe of literature. It muſt however be acknowledged, that a ſettled gloom hangs over the author's mind, and all the eſſays, except eight or ten, coming from the ſame fountain head, no wonder that they have the racineſs of the ſoil from which they ſprung. Of this uniformity Johnſon was ſenſible; he uſed to ſay, that if he had joined a friend or two, who would have been able to intermix papers of a ſprightly turn, the collection would have been more miſcellaneous, and by conſequence, more agreeable to the generality of readers.

The ſerious papers in his *Idler*, though inferior to thoſe in the *Rambler* in ſublimity and ſplendour, are diſtinguiſhed by the ſame dignified morality and ſolemn philoſophy, and lead to the ſame great end of diffuſing wiſdom, virtue and happineſs. The humorous papers are light and lively, and more in the manner of Addiſon.

Of the *Idler* Mr. Murphy obſerves, that 'in order to be conſiſtent with the aſſumed character, it is written with abated vigour, in a ſtyle of eaſe and unlaboured elegance. It is the Odyſſey after the Iliad. Intenſe thinking would not become the *Idler*. The firſt number preſents a well drawn portrait of an idler, and from that character no deviation could be made. Accordingly Johnſon forgets his auſtere manner, and plays us into ſenſe. He ſtill continues his lectures on human life; but he adverts to common occurrence, and is often content with the topic of the day.'

As a *noveliſt*, he diſplays in the oriental tales in the *Rambler*, an unbounded knowledge of men and manners; but his capital work in this department of literature is his *Raſſelas*. None of his writings have been ſo extenſively diffuſed over Europe. The language enchants us with harmony, the arguments are acute and ingenious, and the reflection novel, yet juſt. It aſtoniſhes by the ſublimity of its ſentiments, and the fertility of its illuſtrations, and delights by the abundance and propriety of its images. The fund of thinking which it contains, is ſuch that almoſt every ſentence of it may furniſh a ſubject of long meditation;

tion; but it is not without its faults, being barren of intereſting incidents and deſtitute of originality or diſtinction of characters. There is little difference in the manner of thinking and reaſoning of the philoſopher and the female, of the prince and the waiting woman.

Mr. Murphy comments on this novel in the following manner. 'Raſſelas is undoubtedly both elegant and ſublime. It is a view of human life diſplayed, it muſt be owned, in gloomy colours. The author's natural melancholy, depreſſed at the time by the approaching diſſolution of his mother, darkened the picture. He who reads the heads of the chapters, will find that it is not a courſe of adventures that invites him forwards, but a diſcuſſion of intereſting queſtions; Reflections on Human Life; the Hiſtory of Imlac; the Man of Learning; a Diſſertation on Poetry; the Character of a Wife and Happy Man, &c. It is by pictures of life and profound moral reflection that expectation is engaged and gratified throughout the work.' Mr. Murphy concludes his obſervations with theſe words. 'It is remarkable, that the vanity of human purſuits was, about the ſame time, the ſubject that employed both Johnſon and Voltaire; but *Candide* is the work of a lively imagination, and *Raſſelas* with all its ſplendour of eloquence, exhibits a gloomy picture.

The effect of *Raſſelas*, and of Johnſon's other moral tales, is thus beautifully illuſtrated by Mr. Courtenay in his 'Poetical Review.'

'Impreſſive truth, in ſplendid fiction dreſt,
Checks the vain wiſh, and calms the troubled breaſt;
O'er the dark mind a light celeſtial throws,
And ſooths the angry paſſions to repoſe,
As oil effus'd illumes and ſmooths the deep,
When round the bark the ſwelling ſurges ſweep.

As a political writer, his productions are more diſtinguiſhed by ſubtlety of diſquiſition, poignancy of ſatire and energy of ſtyle, than by truth, equity or candour. In peruſing his repreſentation of thoſe who differed from him in political ſubjects, we are ſometimes inclined to aſſert to a propoſition of his own, that 'there is no credit due to a rhetorician's account, either of good or evil.' Many poſitions are laid down in admirable language, and in highly poliſhed periods, which are inconſiſtent with the principles of the Britiſh conſtitution, and repugnant to the common

rights

rights of mankind. In apology for him, it may be admitted, that he was attached to Tory principles, and that moſt of what he wrote on political ſubjects was conformable to his real ſentiments. Mr. Murphy obſerves that 'Johnſon's political pamphlets, whatever was his motive for writing them, whether gratitude for his penſion, or the ſolicitation of men in power, did not ſupport the cauſe for which they were undertaken. They are written in a ſtyle truly harmonious, and with his uſual dignity of language. When it is ſaid that he advanced poſitions repugnant to the common rights of mankind, the virulence of party may be ſuſpected. It is perhaps true, that in the clamour raiſed throughout the kingdom, Johnſon overheated his mind; but he was a friend to the rights of man, and he was greatly ſuperior to the littleneſs of ſpirit that might induce him to advance what he did not think and firmly believe.'

The ſtyle of Johnſon's proſaic writings has been cenſured, applauded, and imitated to extremes equally dangerous to the purity of the Engliſh language. He has no doubt innovated upon our language by his adoption of Latin derivatives; but the danger from his innovation would be trifling, if thoſe alone would copy him who can think with equal preciſion; for few paſſages can be pointed out from his works, in which his meaning could be accurately expreſſed by ſuch words as are in more familiar uſe. His comprehenſion of mind was the mould for his language. Had his comprehenſion been narrower, his expreſſion would have been eaſier. And it is to be remembered that while he has added harmony and dignity to our language, he has neither violated it by the inſertion of foreign idioms, nor the affectation of anomaly in the conſtruction of his ſentences; upon the whole it is certain that his example has given a general elevation to the language of his country, for ſome of our beſt writers have approached very near to him. This circumſtance is well deſcribed by Mr. Courtenay in his 'Political Review,' in the following lines.

'By nature's gifts ordain'd mankind to rule,
He has like Titian form'd his brilliant ſchool,
And taught congenial ſpirits to excel,
While from his lips impreſſive wiſdom fell.'

As a poet, the merit of Johnſon, though conſiderable, yet falls ſhort of that which he has diſplayed in thoſe provinces

vinces of literature in which we have already ſurveyed him. Ratiocination prevailed in Johnſon more than ſenſibility. He has no daring ſublimities nor gentle graces, he never glows with the fire of enthuſiaſm, or kindles a ſympathetic emotion in the boſoms of his readers. His poems are the plain and ſenſible effuſions of a mind never hurried beyond itſelf, to which the uſe of rhyme adds no beauty, and from which the uſe of proſe would detract no force. His verſification is ſmooth, flowing, and unreſtrained, but his pauſes are not ſufficiently varied to reſcue him from the imputation of monotony. He ſeems never at a loſs for rhyme, or deſtitute of a proper expreſſion; and the manner of his verſe appears admirably adapted to didactic or ſatiric poetry, for which his powers were equally and perhaps alone qualified.

Mr. Murphy, in his eſtimate of the literary character of Johnſon, obſerves that his Engliſh poetry is ſuch as leaves room to think if he devoted himſelf to the muſes, that he would have been the rival of Pope. His firſt production of this kind was *London*, a poem in imitation of the third ſatire of Juvenal. The vices of the metropolis are placed in the room of ancient manners. The author has heated his mind with the ardour of Juvenal, and having the ſkill to poliſh his numbers, he became a ſharp accuſer of the times. The *Vanity of Human Wiſhes*, is an imitation of the tenth ſatire of the ſame author. Though it is tranſlated by Dryden, Johnſon's imitation approaches neareſt to the original.

It is generally admitted, that of Johnſon's poetical compoſitions, the imitations of Juvenal are the beſt; they are perhaps the nobleſt imitations to be found in any language. It has been remarked with nice diſcrimination, that if Johnſon's imitations of Juvenal are not ſo cloſe as thoſe done by Pope from Horace; they are infinitely more ſpirited and energetic. In Pope the moſt peculiar images of Roman Life are adapted with ſingular addreſs to our own times. In Johnſon, the ſimilitude is only in general paſſages, ſuitable to every age, in which refinement has degenerated into depravity.

For the characters which Juvenal has choſen to illuſtrate his doctrine, Johnſon has ſubſtituted others from modern hiſtory; for *Sejanus* he gives *Cardinal Wolſey*, and *Buckingham*, ſtabbed by Felton, for *Demoſthenes* and *Cicero*, *Lidiat*, *Galileo*

Galileo and *Laud*; for *Hannibal*, *Charles* XII. of Sweden, and to ſhew the conſequences of long life, he ſays,

'From Marlb'rough's eyes the ſtreams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveller and a ſhew.'

He has preſerved all the beauties of the original moral of the Roman poet, but ſtripped it with infinite art, from all appearance of Epicurian infidelity, and filled it with precepts worthy of a philoſopher, and wiſhes becoming a Chriſtian.

The diction of his tragedy of Irene is nervous, rich, and elegant; but ſplendid language and melodious numbers will make a fine poem, not a tragedy. There is not throughout the play, a ſingle ſituation to excite curioſity, or raiſe a conflict of the paſſions. The ſentiments are juſt and always moral, but ſeldom appropriated to the character, and generally too philoſophic. *Irene* may be added to ſome other plays in our language, which have loſt their place in the theatre, but continue to pleaſe in the cloſet. Mr. Murphy very pertinently obſerves that what Johnſon has ſaid of the tragedy of *Cato* may be applied to *Irene*. 'It is rather a poem in dialogue than a drama; rather a ſucceſſion of juſt ſentiments in elegant language, than a repreſentation of natural affections. Nothing excites or aſſuages emotion. The events are expected without ſolicitude, and remembered without joy or ſorrow. Of the agents we have no care, we conſider not what they are doing, nor what they are ſuffering; we wiſh only to know what they have to ſay. It is unaffecting and chill philoſophy.' The prologue Mr. Murphy ſays is written with elegance, and in a peculiar ſtrain ſhews the literary pride and lofty ſpirit of the author.

The faults and foibles of Johnſon, whatever they were, are now deſcended with him to the grave, but his virtues ſhould be the object of our imitation. His works, with all their defects, are a moſt valuable and important acceſſion to the literature of England. His political writings will probably be little read on any other account than for the dignity and energy of his ſtyle; but his *Dictionary*, his moral eſſays, and his productions in polite literature, will convey uſeful inſtruction, and elegant entertainment, as long as the language in which they are written ſhall be underſtood, and give him a juſt claim to a diſtinguiſhed rank among the beſt and ableſt writers that England has produced.

LONDON: A POEM.

IN IMITATION OF THE THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL, 1738.

" ——— ——— *Quis ineptæ*
" *Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat ſe?*"
JUV.

THOUGH grief and fondneſs in my breaſt rebel
When injur'd Thales bids the town farewel,
Yet ſtill my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praiſe the hermit, but regret the friend;
Reſolv'd, at length, from vice and London far,
To breathe in diſtant fields a purer air;
And, fix'd on Cambria's ſolitary ſhore,
Give to St. David one true Briton more.
For who would leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?
There none are ſwept by ſudden fate away,
But all whom hunger ſpares, with age decay:
Here malice, rapine, accident, conſpire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
Their ambuſh here relentleſs ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houſes thunder on your head,
And here a female atheiſt talks you dead.
While Thales waits the wherry that contains
Of diſſipated wealth the ſmall remains,
On Thames's bank in ſilent thought we ſtood,
Where Greenwich ſmiles upon the ſilver flood;
Struck with the ſeat that gave Eliza birth,
We kneel and kiſs the conſecrated earth;
In pleaſing dreams the bliſsful age renew,
And call Britannia's glories back to view;
Behold her croſs triumphant on the main,
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain;
Ere maſquerades debauch'd, exciſe oppreſs'd,
Or Engliſh honour grew a ſtanding jeſt.

A tranſient calm the happy ſcenes beſtow,
And for a moment lull the ſenſe of woe.
At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,
Indignant Thales eyes the neighbouring town.

* Queen Elizabeth.

Since worth, he cries, in theſe degenerate days,
Wants e'en the cheap reward of empty praiſe;
In thoſe curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded ſcience toils in vain;
Since hope but ſoothes to double my diſtreſs,
And ev'ry moment leaves my little leſs;
While yet my ſteady ſteps no ſtaff ſuſtains,
And life, ſtill vig'rous, revels in my veins;
Grant me, kind heaven, to find ſome happier place,
Where honeſty and ſenſe are no diſgrace;
Some pleaſing bank where verdant oſiers play,
Some peaceful vale with nature's paintings gay,
Where once the harraſs'd Briton found repoſe,
And ſafe in poverty defy'd his foes:
Some ſecret cell, ye powr's indulgent, give,
Let —— live here, for —— has learn'd to live.
Here let thoſe reign whom penſions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white;
Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
And plead for pirates in the face of day;
With ſlaviſh tenets taint our poiſon'd youth,
And lend a lie the confidence of truth.
Let ſuch raiſe palaces, and manors buy,
Collect a tax, or farm a lottery;
With warbling eunuchs fill our ſilenc'd ſtage,
And lull to ſervitude a thoughtleſs age.
Heroes, proceed! what bounds your pride ſhall hold?
What check reſtrain your thirſt of power and gold?
Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,
Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.
To ſuch the plunder of a land is given,
When public crimes inflame the wrath of heaven.
But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
Who ſtart at theft, and bluſh at perjury?
Who ſcarce forbear, though Britain's court he ſing,
To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing;
A ſtateſman's logic unconvinc'd can hear,
And dare to ſlumber o'er the Gazetteer;
Deſpiſe a fool in half his penſion dreſs'd,
And ſtrive in vain to laugh at Clodio's jeſt.

Others, with ſofter ſmiles, and ſubtler art,
Can ſap the principles, or taint the heart;
With more addreſs a lover's note convey,
Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.
Well may they riſe, while I, whoſe ruſtic tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varniſh wrong;
Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a ſpy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.
For what but ſocial guilt the friend endears?
Who ſhares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune ſhares.
But thou, ſhould tempting villany preſent
All Marlborough hoarded, or all Villiers ſpent,
Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy ſcornful eye,
Nor ſell for gold what gold could never buy,
The peaceful ſlumber, ſelf-approving day,
Unſullied fame, and conſcience ever gay.
The cheated nation's happy fav'rites ſee!
Mark whom the great careſs, who frown on me!
London, the needy villain's gen'ral home
The common-ſewer of Paris and of Rome;
With eager thirſt, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted ſtate.
Forgive my tranſports on a theme like this,
I cannot bear a French metropolis.
Illuſtrious Edward, from the realms of day,
The land of heroes and of ſaints ſurvey;
Nor hope the Britiſh lineaments to trace,
The ruſtic grandeur, or the ſurly grace,
But loſt in thoughtleſs eaſe and empty ſhow,
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
Senſe, freedom, piety, refin'd away,
Of France the mimic, and of Spain the prey.
All that at home no more can beg or ſteal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;
Hiſs'd from the ſtage, or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dreſs, their politics import;
Obſequious, artful, voluble, and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey.
No gainful trade their induſtry can 'ſcape.
They ſing, they dance, clean ſhoes, or cure a clap.

All ſciences a faſting Monſieur knows,
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.
Ah! what avails it, that, from ſlav'ry far,
I drew the breath of life in Engliſh air;
Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
And liſp the tale of Henry's victories;
If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
And flattery prevails when arms are vain?
  Studious to pleaſe, and ready to ſubmit,
The ſupple Gaul was born a paraſite:
Still to his int'reſt true where'er he goes,
Wit, brav'ry, worth, his laviſh tongue beſtows;
In ev'ry face a thouſand graces ſhine,
From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.
Theſe arts in vain our rugged natives try,
Strain out, with fault'ring diffidence, a lie,
And get a kick for awkward flattery.
  Beſides, with juſtice, this diſcerning age
Admires their wond'rous talents for the ſtage:
Well may they venture on the mimic's art,
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part;
Practis'd their maſter's notions to embrace,
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face;
With ev'ry wild abſurdity comply,
And view its object with another's eye;
To ſhake with laughter e'er the jeſt they hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear;
And as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To ſhake in dog-days, in December ſweat.
  How, when competitors like theſe contend,
Can ſurly virtue hope to fix a friend?
Slaves that with ſerious impudence beguile,
And lie without a bluſh, without a ſmile;
Exalt each trifle, ev'ry vice adore,
Your taſte in ſnuff, your judgment in a whore;
Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and ſwear
He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.
  For arts like theſe preferr'd, admir'd, careſs'd,
They firſt invade your table, then your breaſt;

Explore your ſecrets with inſidious art,
Watch the weak hour, and ranſack all the heart;
Then ſoon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.
By numbers here from ſhame and cenſure free,
All crimes are ſafe but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law purſues,
This, only this, provokes the ſnarling muſe.
The ſober trader at a tatter'd cloak,
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke;
With briſker air the ſilken courtiers gaze,
And turn the various taunt a thouſand ways.
Of all the griefs that harraſs the diſtreſs'd,
Sure the moſt bitter is a ſcornful jeſt;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's inſult points the dart.
Has Heav'n reſerv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathleſs waſte or undiſcover'd ſhore?
No ſecret iſland in the boundleſs main?
No peaceful deſert yet unclaim'd by Spain?
Quick let us riſe, the happy ſeats explore,
And bear oppreſſion's inſolence no more.
This mournful truth is every where confeſs'd,
Slow riſes worth, by poverty depreſs'd:
But here more ſlow, where all are ſlaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandiſe, and ſmiles are ſold;
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favours of his lord.
But hark! the affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries
Roll through the ſtreets, and thunder to the ſkies:
Rais'd from ſome pleaſing dream of wealth and pow'r,
Some pompous palace, or ſome bliſsful bow'r,
Aghaſt you ſtart, and ſcarce with aching ſight
Suſtain the approaching fire's tremendous light;
Swift from purſuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little *all* to flames a prey;
Then through the world a wretched vagrant roam,
For where can ſtarving merit find a home?
In vain your mournful narrative diſcloſe,
While all neglect, and moſt inſult your woes,

Should Heaven's juſt bolts, Orgilio's wealth confound,
And ſpread his flaming palace on the ground,
Swift o'er the land the diſmal rumour flies,
And public mournings pacify the ſkies;
The leaureat tribe in venal verſe relate,
How virtue wars with perſecuting fate;
With well-feign'd gratitude the penſion'd band
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.
See! while he builds, the gaudy vaſſals come,
And crowd with ſudden wealth the riſing dome;
The price of boroughs and of ſouls reſtore;
And raiſe his treaſures higher than before:
Now bleſs'd with all the baubles of the great,
The poliſh'd marble, and the ſhining plate,
Orgilio ſees the golden pile aſpire,
And hopes from angry Heav'n another fire.
  Could'ſt thou reſign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent;
There might'ſt thou find ſome elegant retreat,
Some hireling ſenator's deſerted ſeat;
And ſtretch thy proſpects o'er the ſmiling land,
For leſs than rent the dungeons of the Strand;
There prune thy walks, ſupport thy drooping flow'rs,
Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'rs;
And, while thy grounds a cheap repaſt afford,
Deſpiſe the dainties of a venal lord:
There ev'ry buſh with nature's muſic rings,
There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings;
On all thy hours ſecurity ſhall ſmile,
And bleſs thine evening walk and morning toil.
  Prepare for death if here at night you roam,
And ſign your will before you ſup from home.
Some fiery fop, with new commiſſion vain,
Who ſleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feaſt,
Provokes a broil, and ſtabs you for a jeſt.
Yet e'en theſe heroes, miſchievouſly gay,
Lords of the ſtreet, and terrors of the way;
Fluſh'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent inſults to the poor confine;

Afar they mark the flambeaux's bright approach,
And ſhun the ſhining train, and golden coach.
In vain, theſe dangers paſt, your doors you cloſe,
And hope the balmy bleſſings of repoſe:
Cruel with guilt, and daring with deſpair,
The midnight murd'rer burſts the faithleſs bar;
Invades the ſacred hour of ſilent reſt,
And leaves, unſeen, a dagger in your breaſt.
Scarce can our fields, ſuch crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet ſupply.
Propoſe your ſchemes, ye ſenatorian band,
Whoſe ways and means ſupport the ſinking land;
Leſt ropes be wanting in the tempting ſpring,
To rig another convoy for the king.*
A ſingle gaol, in Alfred's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair juſtice then, without conſtraint ador'd,
Held high the ſteady ſcale, but ſheath'd the ſword;
No ſpies were paid, no ſpecial juries known,
Bleſt age! but ah! how diff'rent from our own!
Much could I add—but ſee the boat at hand,
The tide retiring, calls me from the land:
Farewel!—When youth, and health, and fortune ſpent,
Thou fly'ſt for refuge to the wilds of Kent;
And tir'd like me with follies and with crimes,
In angry numbers warn'ſt ſucceeding times,
Then ſhall thy friend, nor thou refuſe his aid,
Still foe to vice, forſake his Cambrian ſhade;
In virtue's cauſe once more exert his rage,
Thy ſatire point, and animate thy page.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES,

IN IMITATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

LET obſervation with extenſive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager ſtrife,
And watch the buſy ſcenes of crowded life;
Then ſay how hope and fear, deſire and hate,
O'erſpread with ſnares the clouded maze of fate.

* The nation was diſcontented at the viſits made by the king to Hanover.

Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride,
To tread the dreary paths without a guide;
As treach'rous phantoms in the miſt delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chaſes airy good.
How rarely reaſon guides the ſtubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the ſuppliant voice.
How nations ſink, by darling ſchemes oppreſs'd,
When vengeance liſtens to the fool's requeſt.
Fate wings with ev'ry wiſh th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art,
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal ſweetneſs elocution flows,
Impeachment ſtops the ſpeaker's pow'rful breath,
And reſtleſs fire precipitates on death.
But ſcarce obſerved, the knowing and the bold,
Fall in the gen'ral maſſacre of gold;
Wide-waſting peſt! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
For gold his ſword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge diſtorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor ſafety buys,
The dangers gather as the treaſures riſe.
Let hiſt'ry tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title ſhakes the madded land,
When ſtatutes glean the refuſe of the ſword,
How much more ſafe the vaſſal than the lord:
Low ſkulks the hind beneath the reach of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow'r,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his ſlumbers ſound,
Though confiſcation's vultures hover round.
The needy traveller, ſerene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and ſings his toil away.
Does envy ſeize thee? cruſh th' upbraiding joy,
Increaſe his riches and his peace deſtroy,
Now fears in dire viciſſitude invade,
The ruſtling brake alarms, and quiv'ring ſhade,
Nor light nor darkneſs brings his pain relief,
One ſhows the plunder, and one hides the thief.
Yet ſtill one gen'ral cry the ſkies aſſails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;

Few know the toiling ſtateſman's fear or care,
Th' inſidious rival and the gaping heir.
Once more, Democritus, ariſe on earth,
With cheerful wiſdom and inſtructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings dreſs'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jeſt:
Thou who couldſt laugh where want enchain'd caprice,
Toil cruſh'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner dy'd;
And ſcarce a ſycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or ſeen a new-made mayor's unweildy ſtate;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And ſenates heard before they judg'd a cauſe;
How wouldſt thou ſhake at Britain's modiſh tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?
Attentive truth and nature to deſcry,
And pierce each ſcene with philoſophic eye,
To thee were ſolemn toys or empty ſhow,
The robes of pleaſure, and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whoſe joys are cauſeleſs, or whoſe griefs are vain.
Such was the ſcorn that fill'd the ſage's mind,
Renew'd at every glance on human kind;
How juſt that ſcorn e'er yet thy voice declare,
Search every ſtate, and canvaſs ev'ry pray'r.
Unnumber'd ſuppliant's crowd preferment's gate,
A thirſt for wealth, and burning to be great;
Deluſive fortune hears the inceſſant call,
They mount, they ſhine, evaporate, and fall.
On ev'ry ſtage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and inſult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the ſinking ſtateſman's door
Pours in the morning worſhipper no more;
For growing names the weekly ſcribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From ev'ry room deſcends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place;
And ſmok'd in kitchens, or in auctions ſold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;

For now no more we trace in ev'ry line,
Heroic worth, benevolence divine:
The form diſtorted juſtifies the fall,
And deteſtation rids th' indignant wall.
But will not Britain hear the laſt appeal,
Sign her foes doom, or guard her fav'rites' zeal?
Through freedom's ſons no more remonſtrance rings,
Degrading nobles, and controlling kings;
Our ſupple tribes repreſs their patriot throats,
And aſk no queſtions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and ſeptennial ale,
Their wiſh is full to riot and to rail,
In full-blown dignity ſee Wolſey ſtand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand;
To him the church, the realm, their powers conſign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty ſhine;
Turn'd by his nod the ſtream of honour flows,
His ſmile alone ſecurity beſtows:
Still to new heights his reſtleſs wiſhes tour;
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
Till conqueſt unreſiſted ceas'd to pleaſe,
And rights ſubmitted, left him none to ſeize.
At length his ſov'reign frowns—the train of ſtate
Mark the keen glance, and watch the ſign to hate;
Where'er he turns he meets a ſtranger's eye,
His ſuppliants ſcorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful ſtate,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppreſs'd,
He ſeeks the refuge of monaſtic reſt.
Grief aids diſeaſe, remember'd folly ſtings,
And his laſt ſighs reproach the faith of kings.
Speak thou, whoſe thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolſey's wealth, with Wolſey's end, be thine?
Or liv'ſt thou now, with ſafer pride content,
The wiſeſt juſtice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolſey, near the ſteeps of fate,
On weak foundations raiſe th' enormous weight?

Why but to ſink beneath misfortune's blow
With louder ruin to the gulphs below?
What gave great Villiers to the aſſaſſin's knife,
And fix'd diſeaſe on Harley's cloſing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?
What but their wiſh indulg'd, in courts to ſhine,
And pow'r too great to keep or to reſign?
When firſt the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthuſiaſt quits his eaſe for fame;
Reſiſtleſs burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the ſtrong contagion of the gown:
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours ſpread,
And Bacon's manſion trembles o'er his head.
Are theſe thy views? proceed, illuſtrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!
Yet, ſhould thy ſoul indulge the gen'rous heat,
Till captive Science yields her laſt retreat;
Should Reaſon guide thee with her brighteſt ray,
And pour on miſty doubt reſiſtleſs day;
Should no falſe kindneſs lure to looſe delight,
Nor praiſe relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting novelty thy cell refrain,
And ſloth effuſe her opiate fumes in vain;
Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
Should no diſeaſe thy torpid veins invade,
Nor melancholy's phantoms haunt thy ſhade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:
Deign on the paſſing world to turn thine eyes,
And pauſe a while from learning, to be wiſe;
There mark what ills the ſcholar's life aſſail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
See nations, ſlowly wiſe, and meanly juſt,
To buried merit raiſe the tardy buſt.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.
Nor deem, when learning her laſt prize beſtows,
The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes;

See when the vulgar 'ſcapes, deſpis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons ſeize on Laud.
From meaner minds, though ſmaller fines content,
The plunder'd palace, or ſequeſter'd rent;
Mark'd out by dangerous parts he meets the ſhock,
And fatal learning leads him to the block:
Around his tomb let art and genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and ſleep.
The feſtal blazes, the triumphal ſhow,
The raviſh'd ſtandard, and the captive foe,
The ſenate's thanks, the Gazette's pompous tale,
With force reſiſtleſs o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Aſia whirl'd,
For ſuch the ſteady Romans ſhook the world;
For ſuch in diſtant lands the Britons ſhine,
And ſtain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
This power has praiſe, that virtue ſcarce can warm,
Till fame ſupplies the univerſal charm.
Yet reaſon frowns on war's unequal game,
Where waſted nations raiſe a ſingle name,
And mortgag'd ſtates their grandſire's wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlaſting debt;
Wreaths which at laſt the dear-bought right convey
To ruſt on medals or on ſtones decay.
On what foundation ſtands the warrior's pride,
How juſt his hopes, let Swediſh Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a ſoul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleaſure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific ſceptres yield,
War ſounds the trump, he ruſhes to the field;
Behold ſurrounding kings their power combine,
And one capitulate, and one reſign;
Peace courts his hand, but ſpreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till nought re-
"On Muſcow's walls till Gothic ſtandards fly, [main,
"And all be mine beneath the polar ſky."
The march begins in military ſtate,
And nations on his eye ſuſpended wait;

Stern famine guards the ſolitary coaſt,
And winter barricades the realms of froſt;
He comes, nor want nor cold his courſe delay;
Hide, bluſhing glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquiſh'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And ſhews his miſeries in diſtant lands;
Condemn'd a needy ſupplicant to wait,
While ladies interpoſe, and ſlaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error mend?
Did no ſubverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hoſtile millions preſs him to the ground?
His fall was deſtin'd to a barren ſtrand,
A petty fortreſs, and a dubious hand;
He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All times their ſcenes of pompous woes afford,
From Perſia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hoſtility, and barb'rous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his ſide,
Great Xerxes comes to ſeize the certain prey,
And ſtarves exhauſted regions in his way;
Attendant flattery counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads ſooth his pride no more;
Freſh praiſe is try'd, till madneſs fires his mind,
The waves he laſhes, and enchains the wind;
New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are ſtill beſtow'd,
Till rude reſiſtance lops the ſpreading god;
The daring Greeks deride the martial ſhow,
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe;
Th' inſulted ſea with humbler thoughts he gains,
A ſingle ſkiff to ſpeed his flight remains;
Th' encumbered oar ſcarce leaves the dreaded coaſt
Through purple billows and a floating hoſt.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckleſs hour,
Tries the dread ſummits of Cæſarean power,
With unexpected legions burſts away,
And ſees defenceleſs realms receive his ſway;
Short ſway! fair Auſtria ſpreads her mournful charms,
The queen, the beauty, ſets the world in arms;

From hill to hill the beacon's rouſing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praiſe.
The fierce Croation, and the wild Huſſar,
With all the ſons of ravage crowd the war;
The baffled prince in honour's flattering bloom
Of haſty greatneſs finds the fatal doom;
His foes' deriſion, and his ſubjects' blame,
And ſteals to death from anguiſh and from ſhame.
Enlarge my life with multitude of days,
In health, in ſickneſs, thus the ſuppliant prays;
Hides from himſelf his ſtate, and ſhuns to know
That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to deſtroy,
And ſhuts up all the paſſages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous ſeaſons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flower,
With liſtleſs eyes the dotard views the ſtore,
He views, and wonders that they pleaſe no more.
Now pall the taſteleſs meats, and joyleſs wines,
And luxury with ſighs her ſlave reſigns.
Approach, ye minſtrels, try the ſoothing ſtrain,
Diffuſe the tuneful lenitives of pain:
No ſounds, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witneſſed Orpheus near:
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,
Nor ſweeter muſic of a virtuous friend,
But everlaſting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perverſely grave, or poſitively wrong.
The ſtill returning tale, and ling'ring jeſt,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd gueſt;
While growing hopes ſcarce awe the gathering ſneer,
And ſcarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful gueſts ſtill hint the laſt offence,
The daughter's petulance, the ſon's expence,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous ſkill,
And mould his paſſions till they make his will.
Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay ſiege to life, and preſs the dire blockade;
But unextinguiſh'd av'rice ſtill remains,
And dreaded loſſes aggravate his pains;

He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with ſuſpicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bleſs with an age exempt from ſcorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modeſt innocence away;
Whoſe peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whoſe night congratulating conſcience cheers;
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend:
Such age there is, and who ſhall wiſh its end?

Yet e'en on this her load misfortune flings,
To preſs the weary minutes flagging wings;
New ſorrow riſes as the day returns,
A ſiſter ſickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred merit fills the ſable bier,
Now lacerated friendſhip claims a tear.
Year chaſes year, decay purſues decay,
Still drops ſome joy from with'ring life away;
New forms ariſe, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the ſtage,
Till pitying nature ſigns the laſt releaſe,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like theſe await,
Who ſet unclouded in the gulfs of fate.
From Lydia's monarch ſhould the ſearch deſcend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's laſt ſcene what prodigies ſurpriſe,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wiſe?
From Marlb'rough's eyes the ſtreams of dotage flow,
And ſwift expires a driv'ler and a ſhow.

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face:
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty ſpring;
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of roſy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom pleaſure keeps too buſy to be wiſe,
Whom joys with ſoft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night,

Who frown with vanity, who ſmile with art,
And aſk the lateſt faſhion of the heart,
What care, what rules your heedleſs charms ſhall ſave,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your ſlave?
Againſt your fame with fondneſs hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lovers mines.
With diſtant voice neglected virtue calls,
Leſs heard and leſs, the faint remonſtrance falls;
Tir'd with contempt, ſhe quits the ſlipp'ry reign,
And pride and prudence take her ſeat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the paſs defend,
The harmleſs freedom and the private friend.
The guardians yield, by force ſuperior ply'd;
To int'reſt, prudence; and to flattery, pride.
Here beauty falls betray'd, deſpis'd, diſtreſs'd,
And hiſſing infamy proclaims the reſt.
Where then ſhall hope and fear their objects find?
Muſt dull ſuſpenſe corrupt the ſtagnant mind?
Muſt helpleſs man, in ignorance ſedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Muſt no diſlike alarm, no wiſhes riſe,
No cries invoke the mercies of the ſkies;
Inquirer, ceaſe, petitions yet remain,
Which heaven may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raiſe for good the ſupplicating voice,
But leave to heaven the meaſure and the choice.
Safe in his pow'r, whoſe eyes diſcern afar
The ſecret ambuſh of a ſpecious pray'r.
Implore his aid, in his deciſions reſt,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the beſt.
Yet when the ſenſe of ſacred preſence fires,
And ſtrong devotion to the ſkies aſpires,
Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
Obedient paſſions, and a will reſign'd;
For love, which ſcarce collective man can fill;
For patience, ſov'reign, o'er tranſmuted ill;
For faith, that panting for a happier ſeat,
Counts death kind nature's ſignal of retreat:
Theſe goods for man the laws of heaven ordain,
Theſe goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;

With theſe celeſtial wiſdom calms the mind,
And makes the happineſs ſhe does not find.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK,

AT THE OPENING OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL DRURY-LANE, 1747.

WHEN learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First rear'd the ſtage, immortal Shakſpeare roſe;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhauſted worlds, and then imagin'd new;
Exiſtence ſaw him ſpurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toil'd after him in vain,
His powerful ſtrokes preſiding truth impreſs'd,
And unreſiſted paſſion ſtorm'd the breaſt.
Then Jonſon came, inſtructed from the ſchool,
To pleaſe in method, and invent by rule;
His ſtudious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach eſſay'd the heart:
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays;
For thoſe who durſt not cenſure, ſcarce could praiſe,
A mortal born he met the general doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a laſting tomb.
The wits of Charles found eaſier ways to fame,
Nor wiſh'd for Jonſon's art, or Shakſpeare's flame.
Themſelves they ſtudied; as they felt, they writ:
Intrigue was plot, obſcenity was wit.
Vice always found a ſympathetic friend;
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like theſe aſpir'd to laſting praiſe,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.
Their cauſe was gen'ral, their ſupports were ſtrong;
Their ſlaves were willing, and their reign was long:
Till Shame regain'd the poſt that Senſe betray'd,
And Virtue call'd Oblivion to her aid.
Then cruſh'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the pow'r of tragedy declin'd;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roar'd, whilſt paſſion ſlept;
Yet ſtill did Virtue deign the ſtage to tread,
Philoſophy remain'd though Nature fled.

But forc'd, at length, her ancient reign to quit,
She ſaw great Fauſtus lay the ghoſt of wit;
Exulting Folly hail'd the joyous day,
And pantomime and ſong confirm'd her ſway.
But who the coming changes can preſage,
And mark the future periods of the ſtage?
Perhaps if ſkill could diſtant times explore,
New Behns, new Durfeys yet remain in ſtore;
Perhaps where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet dy'd,
On flying cars new ſorcerers may ride;
Perhaps (for who can gueſs the effects of chance)
Here Hunt* may box, or Mahomet† may dance.
Hard is his lot that here by fortune plac'd,
Muſt watch the wild viciſſitudes of taſte;
With every meteor of caprice muſt play,
And chaſe the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah! let not cenſure term our fate our choice,
The ſtage but echoes back the public voice;
The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to pleaſe, muſt pleaſe to live.
Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
Of reſcu'd nature, and reviving ſenſe;
To chaſe the charms of ſound, the pomp of ſhow,
For uſeful mirth and ſalutary woe;
Bid ſcenic virtue form the riſing age,
And truth diffuſe her radiance from the ſtage.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK BEFORE THE MASQUE OF COMUS

Acted for the Benefit of Milton's grand-daughter.

YE patriot crowds who burn for England's fame,
Ye nymphs whoſe boſoms beat at Milton's name,
Whoſe generous zeal, unbought by flattering rhymes,
Shames the mean penſions of Auguſtan times;
Immortal patrons of ſucceeding days,
Attend this prelude of perpetual praiſe;
Let wit condemn'd the feeble war to wage,
With cloſe malevolence, or public rage;

* A famous ſtage boxer. † A rope dancer.

Let ſtudy, worn with virtue's fruitleſs lore,
Behold this theatre, and grieve no more.
This night, diſtinguiſh'd by your ſmiles, ſhall tell
That never Britain can in vain excel:
The ſlighteſt arts futurity ſhall truſt,
And riſing ages haſten to be juſt.
At length our mighty bard's victorious lays
Fill the loud voice of univerſal praiſe;
And baffled ſpite, with hopeleſs anguiſh dumb,
Yields to renown the centuries to come;
With ardent haſte each candidate of fame,
Ambitious catches at his tow'ring name;
He ſees, and pitying ſees, vain wealth beſtow
Thoſe pageant honours which he ſcorn'd below,
While crowds aloft the laureat buſt behold,
Or trace his form on circulating gold.
Unknown—unheeded, long his offspring lay,
And want hung threat'ning o'er her ſlow decay.
What though ſhe ſhine with no Miltonian fire,
No favouring muſe her morning dreams inſpire?
Yet ſofter claims the melting heart engage,
Her youth laborious, and her blameleſs age;
Hers the mild merits of domeſtic life,
The patient ſufferer, and the faithful wife.
Thus grac'd with humble virtue's native charms
Her grandſire leaves her in Britannia's arms;
Secure with peace, with competence to dwell,
While tutelary nations guard her cell.
Yours is the charge, ye fair, ye wiſe, ye brave!
'Tis yours to crown deſert—beyond the grave.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF THE GOOD-NATURED MAN, 1769.

PREST by the load of life, the weary mind
Surveys the general toil of human kind,
With cool ſubmiſſion joins the lab'ring train,
And ſocial ſorrow loſes half its pain;
Our anxious bard without complaint may ſhare
This buſtling ſeaſon's epidemic care;

Like Cæſar's pilate dignify'd by fate,
Toſt in one common ſtorm with all the great;
Diſtreſt alike the ſtateſman and the wit,
When one the borough courts, and one the pit.
The buſy candidates for power and fame
Have hopes, and fears, and wiſhes juſt the ſame;
Diſabled both to combat, or to fly,
Muſt hear all taunts, and hear without reply.
Uncheck'd on both, loud rabbles vent their rage,
As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.
Th' offended burgeſs hoards his angry tale,
For that bleſt year when all that vote may rail.
Their ſchemes of ſpite the poet's foes diſmiſs,
Till that glad night when all that hate may hiſs.
"This day the powder'd curls and golden coat,"
Says ſwelling Criſpin, "begg'd a cobler's vote;"
"This night our wit," the pert apprentice cries,
"Lies at my feet; I hiſs him, and he dies."
The great, 'tis true, can charm th' electing tribe,
The bard may ſupplicate, but cannot bribe.
Yet judg'd by thoſe whoſe voices ne'er were ſold,
He feels no want of ill-perſuading gold;
But confident of praiſe, if praiſe be due,
Truſts without fear to merit and to you.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF A WORD TO THE WISE,

Spoken by Mr. Hull.

THIS night preſents a play which public rage,
Or right, or wrong, once hooted from the ſtage.
From zeal or malice, now no more we dread,
For Engliſh vengeance wars not with the dead.
A gen'rous foe regards with pitying eye
The man whom fate has laid—where all muſt lie.
To wit, reviving from its authors duſt,
Be kind, ye judges, or, at leaſt, be juſt.
For no renew'd hoſtilities invade
Th' oblivious grave's inviolable ſhade.
Let one great payment ev'ry claim appeaſe,
And him who cannot hurt, allow to pleaſe;

1056. a. 12.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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To pleaſe by ſcenes unconſcious of offence,
By harmleſs merriment, or uſeful ſenſe.
Where aught of bright or fair the piece diſplays,
Approve it only—'tis too late to praiſe.
If want of ſkill, or want of care appear,
Forbear to hiſs—the poet cannot hear.
By all like him muſt praiſe and blame be found,
At beſt a fleeting dream, or empty ſound.
Yet then ſhall calm reflection bleſs the night
When liberal pity dignify'd delight;
When Pleaſure fir'd her torch at Virtue's flame,
And mirth was bounty with an humbler name.

SPRING.

STERN Winter now, by Spring repreſs'd,
Forbears the long continued ſtrife;
And nature on her naked breaſt,
Delights to catch the gales of life.

Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
Soft Pleaſure with her laughing train,
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
And vegetation plants the plain.

Unhappy! whom to beds of pain
Arthritic tyranny conſigns;
Whom ſmiling Nature courts in vain,
Though Rapture ſings and Beauty ſhines.

Yet though my limbs diſeaſe invades,
Her wings Imagination tries,
And bears me to the peaceful ſhades
Where ——'s humble turrets riſe.

Here ſtop, my ſoul, thy rapid flight,
Nor from the pleaſing groves depart,
Where firſt great Nature charm'd my ſight,
Where wiſdom firſt inform'd my heart.

Here let me through the vales purſue
A guide—a father—and a friend,
Once more great Nature's works renew,
Once more on wiſdom's voice attend.

From falſe careſſes, cauſeleſs ſtrife,
Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd;
Here let me learn the uſe of life,
When beſt enjoy'd—when moſt improv'd.

Teach me, thou venerable bower,
Cool meditation's quiet ſeat,
The gen'rous ſcorn of venal power,
The ſilent grandeur of retreat.

When pride by guilt to greatneſs climbs,
Or raging factions ruſh to war,
Here let me learn to ſhun the crimes
I can't prevent, and will not ſhare.

But leſt I fall by ſubtler foes,
Bright wiſdom teach me Curio's art,
The ſwelling paſſions to compoſe,
And quell the rebels of the art.

MIDSUMMER.

OPHŒBUS! down the weſtern ſky,
Far hence diffuſe thy burning ray;
Thy light to diſtant worlds ſupply,
And wake them to the cares of day.

Come gentle eve, the friend of care,
Come Cynthia, lovely queen of night!
Refreſh me with a cooling breeze,
And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me where o'er the verdant ground
Her living carpet nature ſpreads;
Where the green bower with roſes crown'd,
In ſhowers its fragrant folliage ſheds.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
Let muſic die along the grove;
Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
And ev'ry ſtrain be tun'd to love.

Come, Stella, queen of all my heart!
Come, born to fill its vaſt deſires!

Thy looks perpetual joys impart,
Thy voice perpetual love inſpires.

While all my wiſh and thine compleat,
By turns we languiſh and we burn,
Let ſighing gales our ſighs repeat,
Our murmurs—murm'ring brooks return.

Let me, when nature calls to reſt,
And bluſhing ſkies the morn foretel,
Sink on the down of Stella's breaſt,
And bid the waking world farewel.

AUTUMN.

ALAS! with ſwift and ſilent pace,
Impatient time rolls on the year!
The ſeaſons change, and nature's face
Now ſweetly ſmiles, nor frowns ſevere.

'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,
Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow;
The flowers of Spring are ſwept away,
And Summer fruits deſert the bough.

The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
And wanton'd on the weſtern breeze,
Now trod in duſt neglected lie,
As Boreas ſtrips the bending trees.

The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
As ruſſet heaths are wild and bare;
Not moiſt with dew, but drench'd in rain,
Nor health, nor pleaſure, wanders there.

No more while through the midnight ſhade,
Beneath the moon's pale orb I ſtray,
Soft pleaſing woes my heart invade,
As Progne pours the melting lay.

From this capricious clime ſhe ſoars,
O! would ſome god but wings ſupply!
To where each morn the Spring reſtores,
Companion of her flight, I'd fly.

Vain wiſh! me fate compels to bear
The downward ſeaſon's iron reign,
Compels to breath polluted air,
And ſhiver on a blaſted plain.

What bliſs to life can Autumn yield,
If glooms, and ſhowers, and ſtorms prevail;
And Ceres flies the naked field,
And flowers, and fruits, and Phœbus fail?

Oh! what remains, what lingers yet,
To cheer me in the dark'ning hour?
The grape remains, the friend of wit,
In love and mirth of mighty power.

Haſte—preſs the cluſters, fill the bowl;
Apollo! ſhoot thy parting ray:
This gives the ſunſhine of the ſoul,
This god of health, and verſe, and day.

Still, ſtill the jocund ſtrain ſhall flow,
The pulſe with vigorous rapture beat;
My Stella with new charms ſhall glow,
And every bliſs in wine ſhall meet.

WINTER.

NO more the morn, with tepid rays,
Unfolds the flow'rs of various hue;
Noon ſpreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve diſtils the dew.

The ling'ring hours prolong the night,
Uſurping darkneſs ſhares the day;
Her miſts reſtrain the force of light,
And Phœbus holds a doubtful ſway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
With ſighs we view the hoary hill,
The leafleſs wood, the naked field,
The ſnow-topt cot, the frozen rill.

No muſic warbles through the grove,
No vivid colours paint the plain;

No more with devious ſteps I rove
Through verdant paths now ſought in vain.

Aloud the driving tempeſt roars,
Congeal'd, impetuous ſhowers deſcend;
Haſte, cloſe the windows, bar the doors,
Fate leaves me Stella and a friend.

In nature's aid let art ſupply
With light and heat my little ſphere;
Rouze, rouze the fire, and pile it high,
Light up a conſtellation here.

Let muſic ſound the voice of joy,
Or mirth repeat the jocund tale;
Let love his wanton wiles employ,
And o'er the ſeaſon wine prevail.

Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
When mirth's gay tale ſhall pleaſe no more,
Nor muſic charm—though Stella ſings,
Nor love nor wine the ſpring reſtore.

Catch, then, O! catch the tranſient hour,
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a ſhort ſummer—man a flower,
He dies—alas! how ſoon he dies!

THE WINTER'S WALK.

BEHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,
What dreary proſpects round us riſe,
The naked hill, the leafleſs grove,
The hoary ground, the frowning ſkies.

Not only thought the waſted plain,
Stern Winter in thy force confeſs'd,
Still wider ſpreads thy horrid reign,
I feel thy power uſurp my breaſt.

Enlivening hope, and fond deſire,
Reſign the heart to ſpleen and care;
Scarce frighted love maintains her fire,
And rapture ſaddens to deſpair.

In groundleſs hope and cauſeleſs fear,
Unhappy man! behold thy doom;
Still changing with the changeful year,
The ſlave of ſunſhine and of gloom.

Tir'd with vain joys, and falſe alarms,
With mental and corporeal ſtrife,
Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
And ſkreen me from the ills of life.

TO MISS *****.

On her giving the Author a Gold and Silk network Purſe of her own weaving.

THOUGH gold and ſilk their charms unite
To make thy curious web delight,
In vain the varied work would ſhine
If wrought by any hand but thine;
Thy hand that knows the ſubtler art,
To weave thoſe nets that catch the heart.
Spread out by me, the roving coin
Thy nets may catch, but not confine;
Nor can I hope thy ſilken chain
The glittering vagrants ſhall reſtrain.
Why, Stella, was it then decreed
The heart once caught ſhould ne'er be freed.

EPIGRAM

ON GEORGE II. AND COLLEY CIBBER, ESQ.

AUGUSTUS ſtill ſurvives in Maro's ſtrain,
And Spenſer's verſe prolongs Eliza's reign,
Great George's acts let tuneful Cibber ſing,
For nature form'd the poet for the king.

STELLA IN MOURNING.

WHEN lately Stella's form diſplay'd
The beauties of the gay brocade,
The nymphs, who found their power decline,
Proclaim'd her not ſo fair as fine.
"Fate! ſnatch away the bright diſguiſe,
"And let the goddeſs truſt her eyes."
Thus blindly pray'd the fretful fair,
And Fate malicious heard the prayer;

But brighten'd by the ſable dreſs,
As virtue riſes in diſtreſs,
Since Stella ſtill extends her reign,
Ah! how ſhall envy ſooth her pain?
Th' adoring youth and envious fair,
Henceforth ſhall form one common prayer;
And love and hate alike implore
The ſkies—"That Stella mourn no more."

TO STELLA.

NOT the ſoft ſighs of vernal gales,
The fragrance of the flow'ry vales,
The murmurs of the cryſtal rill,
The vocal grove, the verdant hill;
Not all their charms, though all unite,
Can touch my boſom with delight.

Not all the gems on India's ſhore,
Not all Peru's unbounded ſtore,
Not all the power, nor all the fame,
That heroes, kings, or poets claim;
Nor knowledge, which the learn'd approve,
To form one wiſh my ſoul can move.

Yet nature's charms allure my eyes,
And knowledge, wealth, and fame I prize;
Fame, wealth, and knowledge I obtain,
Nor ſeek I nature's charms in vain;
In lovely Stella all combine,
And, lovely Stella, thou art mine.

VERSES,

Written at the Requeſt of a Gentleman to whom a Lady had given a Sprig of Myrtle.

WHAT hopes, what terrors, does this gift create,
Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate.
The myrtle (enſign of ſupreme command,
Conſign'd to Venus by Meliſſa's hand)
Not leſs capricious that a reigning fair,
Oft favours, oft rejects a lover's prayer.
In myrtle ſhades oft ſings the happy ſwain,
In myrtle ſhades deſpairing ghoſts complain.

The myrtle crowns the happy lovers' heads
The unhappy lovers' graves the myrtle ſpreads.
Oh! then, the meaning of thy gift impart,
And eaſe the throbbings of an anxious heart.
Soon muſt this ſprig, as you ſhall fix its doom,
Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

TO LADY FIREBRACE.

AT BURY ASSIZES.

AT length muſt Suffolk beauties ſhine in vain,
So long renown'd in B——n's deathleſs ſtrain?
Thy charms at leaſt, fair Firebrace, might inſpire
Some zealous bard to wake the ſleeping lyre;
For ſuch thy beauteous mind and lovely face,
Thou ſeem'ſt at once, bright nymph, a muſe and grace.

TO LYCE,

AN ELDERLY LADY.

YE nymphs whom ſtarry rays inveſt,
By flattering poets given,
Who ſhine, by laviſh lovers dreſt,
In all the pomp of heaven.

Engroſs not all the beams on high,
Which gild a lover's lays,
But, as your ſiſter of the ſky,
Let Lyce ſhare the praiſe.

Her ſilver locks diſplay the moon,
Her brows a cloudy ſhow,
Strip'd rainbows round her eyes are ſeen,
And ſhowers from either flow.

Her teeth the night with darkneſs dyes;
She's ſtarr'd with pimples o'er;
Her tongue like nimble lightning plies,
And can with thunder roar.

But ſome Zelinda, while I ſing,
Denies my Lyce ſhines;
And all the pens of Cupid's wing
Attack my gentle lines.

Yet, ſpite of fair Zelinda's eye,
And all her bards expreſs,
My Lyce makes as good a ſky,
And I but flatter leſs.

ON THE DEATH OF Mr. ROBERT LEVETT,
A PRACTISER IN PHYSIC.

CONDEMN'D to hope's deluſive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By ſudden blaſts, or ſlow decline,
Our ſocial comforts drop away.

Well try'd through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave deſcend,
Officious, innocent, ſincere,
Of ev'ry friendleſs name the friend.

Yet ſtill he fills affection's eye,
Obſcurely wiſe and coarſely kind;
Nor letter'd arrogance deny
Thy praiſe to merit unrefin'd

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
And hov'ring death prepar'd the blow,
His vigorous remedy diſplay'd
The power of art without the ſhow.

In miſ'ry's darkeſt cavern known,
His uſeful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeleſs anguiſh pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retir'd to die.

No ſummons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain diſdain'd by pride;
The modeſt wants of ev'ry day
The toil of every day ſupply'd

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pauſe, nor left a void;
And ſure the Eternal Maſter found
The ſingle talent well employ'd.

The buſy day—the peaceful night,
Unfelt, unclouded, glided by;

His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his ſoul the neareſt way.

EPITAPH ON CLAUDE PHILLIPS,

An Itinerant Muſician.

PHILLIPS! whoſe touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty pow'r and hapleſs love,
Reſt here, diſtreſt by poverty no more,
Find here that calm thou gav'ſt ſo oft before;
Sleep undiſturb'd within this peaceful ſhrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

EPITAPH
ON SIR THOMAS HANMER, BART.

THOU who ſurvey'ſt theſe walls with curious eye,
Pauſe at this tomb where Hanmer's aſhes lie;
His various worth through varied life attend,
And learn his virtues while thou mourn'ſt his end.
His force of genius burn'd in early youth,
With thirſt of knowledge, and with love of truth;
His learning, join'd with each endearing art,
Charm'd ev'ry ear, and gain'd on ev'ry heart.
Thus early wiſe, th' endanger'd realm to aid,
His country call'd him from the ſtudious ſhade;
In life's firſt bloom his public toils began,
At once commenc'd the ſenator and man.
In buſineſs dext'rous, weighty in debate,
Thrice ten long years he labour'd for the ſtate;
In every ſpeech perſuaſive wiſdom flow'd,
In every act refulgent virtue glow'd:
Suſpended faction ceas'd from rage and ſtrife,
To hear his eloquence, and praiſe his life.
Reſiſtleſs merit fix'd the ſenate's choice,
Who hail'd him Speaker with united voice.
Illuſtrious age! how bright thy glories ſhone,
While Hanmer fill'd the chair—and Anne the throne!

Then when dark arts obſcur'd each fierce debate,
When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of ſtate,
The moderator firmly mild appear'd—
Beheld with love, with veneration heard.
This taſk perform'd—he ſought no gainful poſt,
Nor wiſh'd to glitter at his country's coſt;
Strict on the right he fix'd his ſtedfaſt eye,
With temperate zeal and wiſe anxiety;
Nor e'er from virtue's paths was lur'd aſide,
To pluck the flow'rs of pleaſure, or of pride,
Her gifts deſpis'd, corruption bluſh'd and fled,
And fame purſu'd him where conviction led.
Age call'd, at length, his active mind to reſt,
With honour ſated, and with cares oppreſt:
To letter'd eaſe retir'd and honeſt mirth,
To rural grandeur and domeſtic worth:
Delighted ſtill to pleaſe mankind or mend,
The patriot's fire yet ſparkled in the friend.
Calm conſcience then, his former life ſurvey'd,
And recollected toils endear'd the ſhade,
Till nature call'd him to her general doom,
And virtue's ſorrow dignified his tomb.

ON THE

DEATH OF STEPHEN GREY, F. R. S.

THE ELECTRICIAN.

LONG haſt thou borne the burden of the day,
Thy taſk is ended, venerable Grey!
No more ſhall art thy dextrous hand require,
To break the ſleep of elemental fire:
To rouſe the power that actuate nature's frame,
The momentaneous ſhock, th' electric flame;
The flame which firſt, weak pupil to thy lore,
I ſaw, condemn'd alas to ſee no more.
Now, hoary ſage, purſue thy happy flight
With ſwifter motion, haſte to purer light,
Where Bacon waits, with Newton and with Boyle,
To hail thy genius and applaud thy toil,
Where intuition breathes through time and ſpace,
And mocks experiment's ſucceſſive race;

Sees tardy Science toil at nature's laws,
And wonders how th' effect obſcures the cauſe.
Yet not to deep reſearch or happy gueſs,
Is view'd the life of hope, the death of peace;
Unbleſt the man whom philoſophic rage
Shall tempt to loſe the Chriſtian in the ſage:
Not art but goodneſs pour'd the ſacred ray
That cheer'd the parting hours of humble Grey.

TO MISS HICKMAN,

PLAYING ON THE SPINNET.

BRIGHT Stella, form'd for univerſal reign,
Too well you know to keep the ſlaves you gain:
When in your eyes reſiſtleſs lightnings play,
Aw'd into love our conquer'd hearts obey,
And yield reluctant to deſpotic ſway:
But when your muſic ſooths the raging pain,
We bid propitious heaven prolong your reign,
We bleſs the tyrant, and we hug the chain.
When old Timotheus ſtruck the vocal ſtring,
Ambition's fury fir'd the Grecian king:
Unbounded projects lab'ring in his mind,
He pants for room in one poor world confin'd.
Thus wak'd to rage, by muſic's dreadful pow'r,
He bids the ſword deſtroy, the flame devour.
Had Stella's gentler touches mov'd the lyre,
Soon had the monarch felt a nobler fire:
No more delighted with deſtructive war,
Ambitious only now to pleaſe the fair;
Reſign'd his thirſt of empire to her charms,
And found a thouſand worlds in Stella's arms.

PARAPHRASE

OF PROVERBS, CHAP. IV. VERSES 6—11.

"Go to the Ant thou Sluggard."

TURN on the prudent ant thy heedleſs eyes,
Obſerve her labours, ſluggard, and be wiſe.
No ſtern command, no monitory voice
Preſcribes her duties or directs her choice;
Yet timely provident ſhe haſtes away,
To ſnatch the bleſſings of a plenteous day;

When fruitful Summer loads the teeming plain,
She crops the harveſt, and ſhe ſtores the grain.
How long ſhall ſloth uſurp thy uſeleſs hours,
Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy pow'rs?
While artful ſhades thy downy couch encloſe,
And ſoft ſolicitation courts repoſe.
Amidſt the drowſy charms of dull delight,
Year chaſes year with unremitted flight;
Till want now following, fraudulent and ſlow,
Shall ſpring to ſeize thee like an ambuſh'd foe.

HORACE,

LIB. IV. ODE VII. TRANSLATED.

THE ſnow diſſolv'd, no more is ſeen,
The fields and woods, behold! are green.
The changing year renews the plain,
The rivers know their banks again,
The ſprightly Nymph and naked Grace
The mazy dance together trace.
The changing year's ſucceſſive plan
Proclaims mortality to man.
Rough Winter's blaſts to Spring give way,
Spring yields to Summer's ſov'reign ray;
Then Summer ſinks in Autumn's reign,
And Winter chills the world again:
Her loſſes ſoon the moon ſupplies,
But wretched man, when once he lies
Where Priam and his ſons are laid,
Is nought but aſhes and a ſhade.
Who knows if Jove, who counts our ſcore,
Will toſs us in a morning more?
What with our friend you nobly ſhare,
At leaſt you reſcue from your heir.
Not you Torquatus, boaſt of Rome,
When Minos once has fix'd your doom,
Or eloquence, or ſplendid birth,
Or virtue, ſhall reſtore to earth.
Hippolytus, unjuſtly ſlain,
Diana calls to life in vain;

Nor can the might of Theſeus rend
The chains of hell that hold his friend.

ON SEEING A BUST OF MRS. MONTAGUE.

HAD this fair figure which this frame diſplays,
Adorn'd in Roman time the brighteſt days,
In every dome, in every ſacred place,
Her ſtatue would have breath'd an added grace,
And on its baſis would have been enroll'd,
" This is Minerva, caſt in virtue's mould."
Scatt'ring, as thy pinions play,
Liquid fragrance all the way;
Is it buſineſs? is it love?
Tell me, tell me, gentle dove.
Soft Anacreon's vows I hear,
Vows to Myrtale the fair;
Grac'd with all that charms the heart,
Bluſhing nature, ſmiling art.
Venus, courted by an ode,
On the bard her dove beſtow'd:
Veſted with a maſter's right,
Now Anacreon rules my flight;
His the letters that you ſee,
Weighty charge, conſign'd to me:
Think not yet my ſervice hard,
Joyleſs taſk without reward;
Smiling at my maſter's gates,
Freedom my return awaits;
But the liberal grant in vain
Tempts me to be wild again.
Can a prudent dove decline
Bliſsful bondage ſuch as mine?
Over hills and fields to roam,
Fortune's gueſt without a home;
Under leaves to hide one's head,
Slightly ſhelter'd, coarſely fed:
Now my better lot beſtows
Sweet repaſt, and ſoft repoſe:
Now the gen'rous bowl I ſip,
As it leaves Anacreon's lip:

Void of care and free from dread,
From his fingers ſnatch his bread;
Then with luſcious plenty gay,
Round his chamber dance and play;
Or from wine as courage ſprings,
O'er his face extend my wings;
And when feaſt and frolic tire,
Drop aſleep upon his lyre.
This is all, be quick and go,
More than all thou canſt not know;
Let me now my pinions ply,
I have chatter'd like a pye.

LINES

Written in ridicule of certain Poems publiſhed in 1777.

WHERESOE'ER I turn my view,
All is ſtrange, yet nothing new;
Endleſs labour all along,
Endleſs labour to be wrong;
Phraſe that time has flung away,
Uncouth words in diſarray,
Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,
Ode, and elegy, and ſonnet.

PARODY OF A TRANSLATION.

FROM THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES

ERR ſhall they not, who reſolute explore
Times gloomy backward with judicious eyes;
And, ſcanning right the practices of yore,
Shall deem our hoar progenitors unwiſe.

They to the dome where ſmoke with curling play
Announc'd the dinner to the regions round,
Summon'd the ſinger blythe, and harper gay,
And aided wine with dulcet-ſtreaming ſound.

The better uſe of notes, or ſweet or ſhrill,
By quiv'ring ſtring, or modulated wind;
Trumpet or lyre—to their harſh boſoms chill,
Admiſſion ne'er had ſought, or could not find.

Oh! ſend them to the ſullen manſions dun,
Her baleful eyes where Sorrow rolls around;
Where gloom-enamour'd Miſchief loves to dwell,
And Murder, all blood-bolter'd, ſchemes the wound.

When cates luxuriant pile the ſpacious diſh,
And purple nectar glads the feſtive hour;
The gueſt, without a want, without a wiſh,
Can yield no room to muſic's ſoothing power.

BURLESQUE

On the modern Verſification of ancient Legendary Tales.

AN IMPROMPTU.

THE tender infant meek and mild,
Fell down upon the ſtone;
The nurſe took up the ſqualing child,
But ſtill the child ſqual'd on.

EPITAPH FOR MR. HOGARTH.

THE hand of him here torpid lies,
That drew th' eſſential form of grace;
Here clos'd in death th' attentive eyes
That ſaw the manners in the face.

TRANSLATION

Of the two firſt Stanzas of the Song "Rio verde, Rio verde," printed in Biſhop Percy's Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry.

AN IMPROMPTU.

GLASSY water, glaſſy water,
Down whoſe current clear and ſtrong,
Chiefs confus'd in mutual ſlaughter,
Moor and Chriſtian roll along.

TO MRS. THRALE,

On her compleating her thirty-fifth Year.

AN IMPROMPTU.

OFT in danger, yet alive,
We are come to thirty-five;
Long may better years arrive,
Better years than thirty-five.

Could philoſophers contrive
Life to ſtop at thirty-five,
Time his hours ſhould never drive
O'er the bounds of thirty-five.
High to ſoar, and deep to dive,
Nature gives at thirty-five
Ladies, ſtock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five;
For, howe'er we boaſt and ſtrive,
Life declines from thirty-five:
He that ever hopes to thrive,
Muſt begin by thirty-five.
And all who wiſely wiſh to wive
Muſt look on Thrale at thirty-five.

IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION

Of an Air in the Clemenza de Tito of Metaſtaſio, beginning, "Deh ſe piacermi vuoi."

WOULD you hope to gain my heart,
Bid your teazing doubts depart;
He who blindly truſts will find
Faith from every gen'rous mind:
He who ſtill expects deceit,
Only teaches how to cheat.

LINES

Written under a Print repreſenting Perſons ſkaiting.

O'ER crackling ice, o'er gulphs profound,
With nimble glide the ſkaiters play;
O'er treach'rous pleaſure's flow'ry ground
Thus lightly ſkim, and haſte away.

TRANSLATION

Of a Speech of Aquileio in the Adriano of Metaſtaſio, beginning, "Tu che in Corte invechiaſti."

GROWN old in courts, thou art not ſurely one
Who keeps the rigid rules of ancient honour;
Well ſkill'd to ſooth a foe with looks of kindneſs,
To ſink the fatal precipice before him,
And then lament his fall with ſeeming friendſhip:
Open to all, true only to thyſelf,

Thou know'ſt thoſe arts which blaſt with envious praiſe,
Which aggravate a fault with feign'd excuſes,
And drive diſcount'nanc'd virtue from the throne:
That leave the blame of rigour to the prince,
And of his ev'ry gift uſurp the merit;
That hide in ſeeming zeal a wicked purpoſe,
And only build upon each other's ruin.

IMPROMPTU

On hearing Miſs Thrale conſulting with a Friend about a Gown and Hat ſhe was inclined to wear.

WEAR the gown, and wear the hat,
Snatch thy pleaſures while they laſt;
Hadſt thou nine lives, like a cat,
Soon thoſe nine lives would be paſt.

TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL.

PASTORAL I.

Milebæus.

NOW, Tityrus, you ſupine and careleſs laid,
Play on your pipe beneath yon beechen ſhade;
While wretched we about the world muſt roam,
And leave our pleaſing fields, and native home,
Here at your eaſe you ſing your amorous flame,
And the wood rings with Amarilla's name.

Tityrus. Thoſe bleſſings, friend, a deity beſtow'd,
For I ſhall never think him leſs than God;
Oft on his altars ſhall my firſtlings lie,
Their blood the conſecrated ſtones ſhall dye:
He gave my flocks to graze the flowry meads,
And me to tune at eaſe th' unequal reeds.

Milebæus. My admiration only I expreſt,
(No ſpark of envy harbours in my breaſt)
That when confuſion o'er the country reigns,
To you alone this happy ſtate remains.
Here I, though faint myſelf, muſt drive my goats,
Far from their ancient fields and humble cots.
This ſcarce I lead, who left on yonder rock
Two tender kids, the hopes of all the flock.
Had we not been perverſe and careleſs grown,
This dire event by omens was foreſhewn;

Our trees were blaſted by the thunder ſtroke,
And left-hand crows from an old hollow oak.
Foretold the coming evil by their diſmal croak.

TRANSLATION OF HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

THE man, my friend, whoſe conſcious heart
With virtue's ſacred ardour glows,
Nor taints with death th' envenom'd dart,
Nor needs the guard of Mooriſh bows:

Through Scythia's icy cliffs he treads,
Or horrid Afric's faithleſs ſands;
Or where the fam'd Hydaſpes ſpreads
His liquid wealth o'er barb'rous lands.

For while by Chloe's image charm'd,
Too far in Sabine woods I ſtray'd;
Me ſinging, careleſs, and unarm'd,
A griſly wolf ſurpris'd, and fled,

No ſavage more portentous ſtain'd
Apulias ſpacious wilds with gore;
None fiercer Juba's thirſty land,
Dire nurſe of raging lions, bore.

Place me where no ſoft ſummer gale
Among the quiv'ring branches ſighs,
Where clouds condens'd for ever veil
With horrid gloom the frowning ſkies;

Place me beneath the burning line,
A clime deny'd to human race;
I'll ſing of Chloe's charms divine,
Her heavenly voice, and beauteous face.

TRANSLATION OF HORACE.

BOOK II. ODE IX.

CLOUDS do not always veil the ſkies,
Nor ſhowers immerſe the verdant plain;
Nor do the billows always riſe,
Or ſtorms afflict the ruffled main.

Nor, Valgius, on the Armenian ſhores
Do the chain'd waters always freeze;

Not always furious Borears roars,
Or bends with violent force the trees.

But you are ever drown'd in tears,
For Myſtes dead you ever mourn;
No ſetting Sol can eaſe your cares,
But finds you ſad at his return,

The wiſe experienc'd Grecian ſage,
Mourn'd not Antilochus ſo long;
Nor did King Priam's hoary age
So much lament his ſlaughter'd ſon.

Leave off, at length, theſe woman's ſighs,
Auguſtus' numerous trophies ſing;
Repeat that prince's victories.
To whom all nations tribute bring.

Niphates rolls an humbler wave,
At length the undaunted Scythian yields,
Content to live the Romans' ſlave,
And ſcarce forſakes his native fields.

TRANSLATION.

Of part of the Dialogue between Hector and Andromache.

FROM THE SIXTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

SHE ceas'd: then godlike Hector anſwer'd kind,
(His various plumage ſporting in the wind);
That poſt, and all the reſt, ſhall be my care;
But ſhall I then forſake the unfiniſh'd war?
How would the Trojans brand great Hector's name!
And one baſe action ſully all my fame,
Acquir'd by wounds and battles bravely fought!
Oh! how my ſoul abhors ſo mean a thought:
Long have I learn'd to ſlight this fleeting breath,
And view with cheerful eyes approaching death.
The inexorable Siſters have decreed
That Priam's houſe, and Priam's ſelf ſhall bleed:
The day ſhall come, in which proud Troy ſhall yield,
And ſpread its ſmoking ruins o'er the field.
Yet Hecuba's, nor Priam's hoary age,
Whoſe blood ſhall quench ſome Grecian's thirſty rage,

Nor my brave brothers that have bit the ground,
Their ſouls diſmiſs'd through many a ghaſtly wound,
Can in my boſom half that grief create,
As the ſad thought of your impending fate;
When ſome proud Grecian dame ſhall taſks impoſe,
Mimic your tears, and ridicule your woes:
Beneath Hyperia's waters ſhall you ſweat,
And fainting ſcarce ſupport the liquid weight:
Then ſhall ſome Argive loud inſulting cry,
Behold the wife of Hector, guard of Troy!
Tears, at my name, ſhall drown thoſe beauteous eyes,
And that fair boſom heave with riſing ſighs!
Before that day, by ſome brave hero's hand,
May I lie ſlain, and ſpurn the bloody ſand;

TO MISS ****

On her playing upon a Harpſicord in a Room hung with Flower-pieces of her own Painting

WHEN Stella ſtrikes the tuneful ſtring
In ſcenes of imitated ſpring,
Where beauty laviſhes her powers
On beds of never-fading flowers,
And pleaſure propagates around
Each charm of modulated ſound;
Ah! think not in the dangerous hour,
The nymph fictitious as the flower,
But ſhun, raſh youth, the gay alcove,
Nor tempt the ſnares of wily love.
When charms thus preſs on every ſenſe,
What thought of flight or of defence?
Deceitful hope and vain deſire,
For ever flutter o'er her lyre,
Delighting as the youth draws nigh,
To point the glances of her eye,
And forming with unerring art
New chains to hold the captive heart.
But on thoſe regions of delight
Might truth intrude with daring flight,
Could Stella, ſprightly, fair, and young,
One moment hear the moral ſong,

Inſtruction with her flowers might ſpring,
And wiſdom warble from her ſtring.
Mark when from thouſand mingled dyes
Thou ſeeſt one pleaſing form ariſe,
How active light and thoughtful ſhade,
In greater ſcenes each other aid.
Mark when the different notes agree
In friendly contrariety,
How paſſions well accorded ſtrife,
Gives all the harmony of life;
Thy pictures ſhall thy conduct frame,
Conſiſtent ſtill, though not the ſame;
Thy muſic teach the nobler art,
To tune the regulated heart.

EVENING,

AN ODE. TO STELLA.

EVENING now from purple wings
Sheds the grateful gifts ſhe brings;
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
Cooling breezes ſhake the reed;
Shake the reed, and curl the ſtream
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam;
Near the chequer'd, lonely grove,
Hears, and keeps thy ſecrets, love.
Stella, thither let us ſtray!
Lightly o'er the dewy way.
Phœbus drives his burning car,
Hence, my lovely Stella, far;
In his ſteed, the queen of night
Round us pours a lambent light;
Light that ſeems but juſt to ſhow
Breaſts that beat, and cheeks that glow;
Let us now in whiſper'd joy,
Evening's ſilent hours employ,
Silence beſt, and conſcious ſhades,
Pleaſe the hearts that love invades;
Other pleaſures give them pain,
Lovers all but love diſdain.

TO THE SAME.

WHETHER Stella's eyes are found,
Fix'd on earth, or glancing round,
If her face with pleaſure glow,
If ſhe ſigh at others woe,
If her eaſy air expreſs
Conſcious worth or ſoft diſtreſs,
Stella's eyes, and air, and face,
Charm with undiminiſh'd grace.
If on her we ſee diſplay'd
Pendent gems, and rich brocade,
If her chintz with leſs expence
Flows in eaſy negligence;
Still ſhe lights the conſcious flame,
Still her charms appear the ſame;
If ſhe ſtrikes the vocal ſtrings,
If ſhe's ſilent, ſpeaks, or ſings,
If ſhe ſit, or if ſhe move,
Still we love, and ſtill approve.
Vain the caſual tranſient glance,
Which alone can pleaſe by chance,
Beauty, which depends on art,
Changing with the changing art,
Which demands the toilets aid,
Pendent gems, and rich brocade.
I thoſe charms alone can prize,
Which from conſtant nature riſe,
Which nor circumſtance, nor dreſs,
E'er can make or more or leſs.

TO A FRIEND.

NO more thus brooding o'er yon heap,
With avarice painful vigils keep;
Still unenjoy'd the preſent ſtore,
Still endleſs ſighs are breath'd for more.
O! quit the ſhadow, catch the prize,
Which not all India's treaſure buys!
To purchaſe heaven has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life can love be bought with gold?
Are friendſhip's pleaſures to be ſold?

No—all that's worth a wiſh—a thought,
Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
Ceaſe then on traſh thy hopes to bind,
Let nobler views engage thy mind.
With ſcience tread the wond'rous way,
Or learn the muſe's moral lay;
In ſocial hours indulge thy ſoul,
Where mirth and temperance mix the bowl;
To virtuous love reſign thy breaſt,
And be, by bleſſing beauty—bleſt.
Thus taſte the feaſt by nature ſpread,
Ere youth and all its joys are fled;
Come taſte with me the balm of life!
Secure from pomp and wealth and ſtrife.
I boaſt whate'er for man was meant,
In health, in Stella, and content;
And ſcorn! O! let that ſcorn be thine!
Mere things of clay, that dig the mine.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

THIS tributary verſe, receive, my fair,
Warm with an ardent lover's fondeſt prayer.
May this returning day for ever find
Thy form more lovely, more adorn'd thy mind;
All pains, all cares, may fav'ring heav'n remove,
All but the ſweet ſolicitudes of love!
May powerful nature join with grateful art,
To point each glance, and force it to the heart!
O then, when conquer'd crowds confeſs thy ſway,
When e'en proud wealth and prouder wit obey,
My fair, be mindful of the mighty truſt,
Alas! 'tis hard for beauty to be juſt.
Thoſe ſovereign charms with ſtricteſt care employ;
Nor give the generous pain, the worthleſs joy:
With his own form acquaint the forward fool,
Shown in the faithful glaſs of ridicule;
Teach mimic cenſure her own faults to find,
No more let coquettes to themſelves be blind,
So ſhall Belinda's charms improve mankind.

EPILOGUE

Intended to have been ſpoken by a Lady who was to perſonate the Ghoſt of Hermoine.

YE blooming train, who give deſpair or joy,
Bleſs with a ſmile, or with a frown deſtroy;
In whoſe fair cheeks deſtructive Cupids wait,
And with unerring ſhafts diſtribute fate;
Whoſe ſnowy breaſts, whoſe animated eyes,
Each youth admires, though each admirer dies;
Whilſt you deride their pangs in barb'rous play,
Unpitying ſee them weep, and hear them pray,
And unrelenting ſport ten thouſand lives away:
For you, ye fair, I quit the gloomy plains,
Where ſable night in all her horror reigns;
No fragrant bowers, no delightful glades,
Receive the unhappy ghoſts of ſcornful maids.
For kind, for tender nymphs, the myrtle blooms,
And weaves her bending boughs in pleaſing glooms;
Perennial roſes deck each purple vale,
And ſcents ambroſial breath in every gale:
Far hence are baniſh'd vapours, ſpleen, and tears,
Tea, ſcandal, ivory teeth, and languid airs;
No pug, nor favourite Cupid there enjoys,
The balmy kiſs for which poor Thyrſis dies;
Form'd to delight, they uſe no foreign arms,
Nor torturing whalebones pinch them into charms;
No conſcious bluſhes there their cheeks inflame,
For thoſe who feel no guilt can know no ſhame;
Unfaded ſtill their former charms they ſhew,
Around them pleaſures wait, and joys for ever new.
But cruel virgins meet ſeverer fates;
Expell'd and exil'd from the bliſsful ſeats,
To diſmal realms, and regions void of peace,
Where furies ever howl, and ſerpents hiſs,
O'er the ſad plains perpetual tempeſts ſigh,
And pois'nous vapours, black'ning all the ſky,
With livid hue the faireſt face o'ercaſt,
And ev'ry beauty withers at the blaſt:

Where'er they fly their lover's ghosts pursue,
Inflicting all those ills which once they knew;
Vexation, fury, Jealousy, despair,
Vex ev'ry eye, and ev'ry bosom tear;
Their foul deformities by all discry'd,
No maid to flatter, and no paint to hide.
Then melt, ye fair, while crowds around you sigh,
Nor let disdain sit low'ring in your eye;
With pity soften ev'ry awful grace,
And beauty smile auspicious in each face;
To ease their pain exert your milder power,
So shall you guiltless reign, and all mankind adore.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR.

WHEN first the peasant, long inclin'd to roam,
Forsakes his rural sports and peaceful home,
Pleas'd with the scene the smiling ocean yields;
He scorns the verdant meads and flow'ry fields;
Then dances jocund o'er the watery way,
While the breeze whispers, and the streamers play:
Unbounded prospects in his bosom roll,
And future millions lift his rising soul;
In blissful dreams he digs the golden mine,
And raptur'd sees the new-found ruby shine.
Joys insincere! thick clouds invade the skies,
Loud roar the billows, high the waves arise;
Sick'ning with fear, he longs to view the shore,
And vows to trust the faithless deep no more.
So the young author, panting after fame,
And the long honours of a lasting name,
Intrusts his happiness to human kind,
More false, more cruel, than the seas or wind.
Toil on, dull crowd, in ecstasies he cries,
For wealth or title, perishable prize;
While I those transitory blessings scorn,
Secure of praise from ages yet unborn.
This thought once form'd, all counsel comes too late,
He flies to press, and hurries on his fate;
Swiftly he sees the imagin'd laurels spread,
And feels the unfading wreath surround his head.

Warn'd by another's fate, vain youth be wiſe,
Thoſe dreams were Settle's once, and Ogilby's!
The pamphlet ſpreads, inceſſant hiſſes riſe,
To ſome retreat the baffled writer flies;
Where no ſour critics ſnarl, no ſneers moleſt,
Safe from the tart lampoon, and ſtinging jeſt;
There begs of heaven, a leſs diſtinguiſh'd lot,
Glad to be hid and proud to be forgot.

FRIENDSHIP: AN ODE.

PRINTED IN THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, 1743.

FRIENDSHIP, peculiar boon of heaven,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only given,
To all the lower world denied.

While love, unknown among the bleſt,
Parent of thouſand wild deſires,
The ſavage and the human breaſt
Torment alike with raging fires.

With bright, but oft deſtructive gleam,
Alike o'er all his light'nings fly,
Thy lambent glories only beam
Around the fav'rites of the ſky.

Thy gentle flows of guiltleſs joys,
On fools and villains ne'er deſcend;
In vain for thee the tyrant ſighs,
And hugs a flatterer for a friend.

Directreſs of the brave and juſt,
O guide us through life's darkſome way!
And let the tortures of miſtruſt
On ſelfiſh boſoms only prey.

Nor ſhall thine ardours ceaſe to glow,
When ſouls to peaceful climes remove:
What raiſed our virtue here below,
Shall aid our happineſs above.

FINIS.

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MVSEVM BRITAN